
The Vote of the House of
Commons.

Feb. the 24th. 169¹/₂.

Resolv'd, Nemine Contradicente,
That William Fuller is a Notorious
Impostor; a Cheat, and a False Accuser:
That He has Scandaliz'd Their Majesties,
and Their Government; abused the House,
and Accused several Persons of Honour and
Quality; and that an Humble Address
be presented to His Majesty, to Com-
mand his Attorney General to Prosecute him
accordingly.

THE
L I F E
O F
William Fuller.

BY

Original a Butcher's Son, by Education a Coney-Wool-Cutter, by Inclination an Evidence, by Vote of Parliament an Impostor, by Title of his own making a Colonel, and by his own Demerits, now a Prisoner at the Fleet.

*Ecce iterum Crispinus, & est mihi sæpe Vocandus
In partes, Monstrum Nullâ virtute domandum.*

Juvenal. Satyr. 4.

L O N D O N,

Printed to prevent his further Imposing
upon the Publick. 1701.

Price 1 s.

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 HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
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Jan 18, 1935

William Fuller

B-Y

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 Vote of Parliament an Impossi-
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 Place.

See in some Original, &c. & might see. No. 10
 in paper, Monstrous Mark &c. &c. &c.
 Juvenal Satyr. 4.

LONDON

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THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

THO' the dignity of History seems to require, that the Persons who are the Subjects of it should be Instructive in their Lives, and Exemplary in their Conversations; yet since the ill Success of the Vicious, may awaken Men's minds to the Call of Virtue, and recover 'em from the Esteem, they may have been possess'd with, for Wickedness attended with Prosperity. It cannot be improper to present the Reader with the Life of a Wretch, who has made a Practice

The Preface to the Reader:

of nothing but Villanies, ever since he has been capable of knowing 'em for such, and is at last brought to the publick Shame, that ought to be the Reward of those who run so eagerly in pursuit of it. The World had never heard of such a Person as Fuller, had Fuller been contented to have been known for nothing else but what his Birth and Education entitl'd him to. But since he has justled out of his Sphere, arrogated to himself Preferments at Court, and usurp'd Titles which (were he the Doctor's Son, as the Flying-Post asserts him to be) he had no manner of right to, it is but necessary, for the sake of Truth, to bring him back to the remembrance of his Parentage, and recall him from his high Posts, to give a Visit to the Joints of Mutton in his Father's Stall, and cast an Eye upon the Day-Labourer's House, where his Mother, the Marquiss of Powis's pretended Cousin-German first drew her Breath. The
Reve-

The Preface to the Reader.

Reverend T. O. whose Name's as Pro-
verbial for an Evidence, as Fullers
for a Cheat, was Curate of the Pa-
rish in which he was born; and tho'
the way not to be believ'd, is to bring
him in for a Witness of the Truth of
what I am asserting, yet I dare pass
my word the D. spoke Truth once in
his life, when he said at Will's Coffee-
House in Scotland-Yard, our Man of
Quality's Father was a sorry sort of a
Butcher, and his Mother a poor Ser-
vant-Maid to a Husbandman, at 40 s.
a Year Wages. As for the high Pre-
tensions he makes of being Page of the
Back Stairs to the late K. James's Queen,
and the strange Stories he has amus'd
the World lately with, about the Birth
of the pretended P. of W. his Master
Hartley (who liv'd in Shooe-Lane, but
now, poor Man! is a Prisoner in Lud-
gate) is ready to Attest, he was actually
in his Service the day the said pretended
Prince was born, and staid with him
some time after, till he made bold to
enquire into the Depth of his little

The Preface to the Reader.

Treasury, and being discover'd, took to his Heels, for fear of being carted up Holborn Hill, and dropping at the Land of his Inheritance, about a Mile from the Town. After this he was a Foot-Boy to several Gentlemen, and last of all a Servant to Mr. Crone, where getting knowledge of his Master's treasonable Practices, he discovered 'em to a Secretary of State, and upon his Conviction receiv'd a Certificate that he had done the Government good service, which he now Prints upon all Occasions, tho' it was given many years since, and never intended to countenance his late Villanies, for which the whole Court have renounc'd him, as a Profligate Fellow, that cannot be believ'd in any thing he ever so impudently makes Oath of. He pretends likewise to have been a Spy upon the Court of France, and that of St. Germain's, and yet neither understands, nor can speak one Sentence of the French Tongue, but is so perfect a stranger to it, that if his Neck
Verse

The Preface to the Reader.

Verse was given him in it, he must
of all necessity be Hang'd for a Non
Legit.

But Accounts like these seem to furnish matter for the Life it self, and seem no ways Introductory to it ; I shall therefore excuse my self to the Reader, by telling him these Accounts came late to my hands, after the Sheets in which they should have been inserted were printed off, and I thought it pitty, Memoirs so very particular and material should be altogether left out. As for the Method which has been taken in the following Relations, we have trac'd him as near as we can from the Cradle to the Prison, and wish he may not give us Occasion to trace him from the Prison to the Cart ; And tho' his late way of abusing the World, and fathering the blackest of Crimes upon Persons, whose Innocence is as conspicuous as his own Guilt, might egg us forward to receive any thing for Truth, in order to Expose him, yet we have had that Compassion for his
Youth,

The Preface to the Reader.

Y^{ou}th, as to omit many Things which were not sufficiently Attested. And as he lately sent Author, Publisher and Printer a Challenge from his Strong Hold near the Ditch Side, to get him Liberty to appear with 'em before any Minister of State, &c. in order to make his Escape from the Warden of the Fleet, (not to vindicate his Proceedings,) so we have taken all imaginable care not to be worsted, in case of such a Meeting, which we have no reason to expect, and have made use of no manner of Accounts but what came from good hands, and Men of Integrity, and establish'd Reputations.

We have nothing more to add, but we have plac'd the Vote of Parliament before the Title, in Answer to the D. of Shrewsbury's Certificate which he impudently makes use of in his present Narrative, and 'tis not question'd but the Validity of the Resolution of so Honourable an House, will be a sufficient Argument against the Force of
that

The Preface to the Reader.

that. And if he thinks the following Stories not sufficient to give him one of the foremost Names in the List of Villany, we may chance to alter his Sentiments, by telling him the Trick he put upon Mr. Pauncefort, whom he Bit of the best part of a Hundred Pound, of the Gentleman whom he sent from Flanders, with a Counterfeit Letter to C. B. and several others, the recital of which we refer to another Opportunity, because its almost impossible to render him more odious than he is, and we would have him be Satisfy'd he's too kindly us'd, to make him hang himself in his Garters, or be weary of a Life which has furnish'd such Matter for the publick Diversion.

THE

The Preface to the Reader.

And if he thinks the following
Stories not sufficient to give him one
of the foregoing Names in the List of
Fictions, we may chance to alter his
Sentiments, by telling him the Trick
he put upon Mr. Pausanias, whom he
Bit of the best part of a hundred
Years, of the Gentleman whom he
sent from Flanders, with a Counter-
feit Letter to C. B. and several o-
thers, the recital of which we refer to
another Opportunity, because its al-
most impossible to render him more o-
bious than he is, and we would have
him be satisfied he's too kindly us'd,
to make him hang himself in his Gar-
ters, or be weary of a Life which has
farwisd such Matter for the publick
Dissension.

THE

THE
LIFE
 OF
William Fuller, &c.

TO begin with the Birth of our great Plot-maker, he was the Son of *William Fuller*, of *Milton*, near *Sittingburne* in *Kent*, by Occupation a Butcher. His Father, now many years ago deceased, had the misfortune to break, and dye a Prisoner in the *King's-Bench*; his Calamities in a high measure imputed to his Wife (our Evidence's Mother) who perhaps, to say all, was too gay a Dame for a Butcher's Wife.

The Son, under such unhappy Circumstances, through the Father's Decease, and his Mothers second Marriage

B

riage, being left in a manner friendless, was bound Prentice to Mr. *James Hartley*, Citizen and Skinner of London, a Coney-Wool-cutter in *Shoove-lane*, on the 4th of Jan. 1686.

His Introduction to this Master was by *Cornelius Harfeet*, Gent. (some time since one of the Evidences against Capt. *Croue*) who was a person very intimate all along, and for some years before our Young Coney-wool-cutter was born, with both his Father and Mother.

Our Youngster, though bound, (yet not strong enough tyed) to a Trade, had a roving Head, and all along thought a mechanick Employment too inferior for his more aspiring Ambition; therefore, with a great restraint upon his nature, made but a hard shift to continue under the command of a Master.

He had not been a year and a half in his Apprenticeship before his Mother dyed; Now it happening that his Mother, possibly not altogether so obedient a Wife, as her second Husband expected, had therefore now and then received a little corporal Correction from his hard Hand, and sometimes from his harder Foot; more particular-

ly

ly not long before her Death she had been a little disciplined by a Cudgel, or some such Family Instrument. The Son therefore upon the news of his Mothers departure, and remembring the Castigation she had often received from his Father-in-law, desires his Master's leave to go down into *Kent* to inquire into the death of his Mother, alledging that the Blow she had received from her Husband had been the cause of her Death, and that he designed this Journey only to prosecute his Father-in-law for her Murther.

The Confidence he express in this matter half perswaded his Master to give him a little credit, and to fancy there might be something in it; and truly in so reasonable a request he could not refuse him the favour desired. Our Youngster resolving to bring his Evidence hand in betimes, being an early Affidavit-man, moves to *Kent* with no less Indignation upon the Anvil, than bringing in Daddy-in-law to the Bar for his Life.

Down therefore to the Country he goes; and truly makes bold to say some hard words to his Father, in relation to his Mother; which the Father, as

an honest man, was very able to answer, having really done nothing but what he could Justifie, his correction to his undutiful Wife being no more than she was able to bear, and less than she deserv'd. The Son, to do him justice in this matter, was not so over-zealous for his Mothers death (that being the least of his concern) as designing to fright his Daddy out of a Summ of money to tye up his Tongue (Evidencing being indeed a Trade, and Money the grand design of Swearing.) And therefore all his loud Clamour, and the formidable proofs he threatned to bring against him, on the account of his Mother, really designed more vengeance against his Purse than his Life. If that bled but heartily, the other might scape whole. But, alas, he found his project in vain, for the honest Yeoman being hardy enough to stand out the storm, and defying whatever Justice or Judge could do to hurt him, was so far from being over-reacht that way, that truly the whole expectation was defeated; our Threatner so far short of gaining his point, that he was forced to quit his Cudgels; and after a fortnights staying

staying, come pennyless to Town; his Daddy's Reputation and Innocence standing both too well fortified against all Attacques of this kind.

Returning home to his Master, with much ado he continued with him till the 10th of *June. 88.* the memorable Jubile day for the birth of the Prince of *W.* But whether over-transported with the joys of that mighty Festival, or too much elevated with Bonfire making to bring his hand back to any poorer mechanick drudgery, he took occasion to walk off, or as some call it, run away from his Master.

Thus scamper'd, our young Coney-skin-cutter could not be heard of by his Master, till he found his diminutive Renegade a Page to the Right Honourable, and in those days Right Mighty, Earl of *Melfort.* And truly to qualify him for that dignified post, he had taken the then fashionable Test, *viz.* turned *Romish* Convert; a young, but passionate Zealot (as far as the little use he had for Religion requir'd) for the Popish perswasion. In this gay Livery, and in this Honourable Family, being ask'd by some friends from his Master why he deserted his service, he made

answer in these very words, That truly he could not serve his great God in a Protestant Family, which was all the reason he had to leave his Master.

With this Noble Peer he continued till the days of *Abdication*: But then the greater Buntings all taking wing, this young unfledg'd Squab was left behind; and whether too shame-fac'd (if I wrong him not in laying shame to his charge) to return to his Master; or for what other reasons his volatile *Mercury* prompted, he footed it down to his late *Kentish* Daddies, though truly not with his late terrible countenance he made his last visit there, having more use at present of a suppliant face; for his Stock low, and wages and gay Livery both spent, he had occasion of sheltering under his Roof, and creeping to his Table, as a much humbler Guest.

But, alas, his Reception here proved not so favourable as wisht. His Father in Law having made a second venture, and married again, here was a Mother in Law two degrees removed, to be pleased: And though the good forgiving man had forgotten his last rough Treatment, and consequently his House and Table were free for him; however

however the new Major Domo, the Mother; had not an over-fond affection for him; and having unluckily heard of his Romish Conversion, through her aversion to Popery, she would by no means suffer him to live in the House. The Son, to remove all Obstacles of that kind, was ready immediately for Recantation, Renunciation, Abjuration, and what not. He express all the sorrow in the World for his being misled, and so shaking off his Romish Superstition as easily as he could shift his Linnen, declared himself a penitent Reconvert, and desired nothing more than his Re-admission to the Bosom of his abandoned Protestant Mother Church. But his forsaken his Husks, could not bring him to the fatted Calf. His Infidel Mother-in-law would by no means be satisfied with the reality either of Protestations, or Tears, nothing be-like would convince her of his Re-conversion: So that, in short, here was no home to be had, not so much as a Cockloft for him to roost in.

Under these melancholly circumstances, his Pride somewhat lower'd, he condescends to think of returning to his Master; and therefore to smoothe

his way home again, (for his Affairs stood not very well there neither, as with good Reason being not at present in his Master's very good Graces) he writes him a great many pitiful Letters, earnestly imploring of him to receive him again, and making wonderful protestations of Amendment, together with his utterly abjuring his Romish Delusion, and his promises of intire Reconciliation to the Church of *England*.

His Master being not over easily softened, as having but too just Occasion of Resentment, he writes several Letters full of the same promises to Mr. *Harfleet*, and beseeches his Mediation to his Master; Mr. *Harfleet* having a most natural Affection for him, (for truly the Boy was extreme like him, so like him, that you should rarely see a Son liker a Father) was not wanting in all the good Offices he could do on this occasion, and in a short time made a perfect Reconciliation, and so called home the Fugitive.

The Wanderer being returned, Mr. *Harfleet* promised very lavishly for his Reformation, and often would visit his Master on the Young Man's Account. In several Discourses with the Master
and

and Patron, between jest and earnest, the Patron was often Taxed for being perhaps a little nearer than ordinary related to the Youngster, and therefore his Zeal in obliging him, looked like a natural Affection towards him. The Patron, not to belye him, would not plainly own himself his Father, but has several times (swore not to use the plain Language he spoke in) that he had kiss'd his Mother a hundred and a hundred times. And truly, if you'll take the word of an Evidence in his own Cause, 'tis much to be imagined our Minor Evidence is a Gentleman's Graft upon a Butcher's Crabstock.

But to return to our History; as large as the promises have been, and as humble and dutiful a Servant as he intends to be, in a short time he grew a perfect Reprobate; would use little shifts out of his Master's small dealings to miscount his Money; kept a private book to enter Wares trusted, and if his Master mist him not, demanded and received the Money for himself. He had not kept home this last time above 3 months, when, about *Michealmas* 89, Mr. *Harfleet* came to borrow him of his Master, for 3 or 4 days service to Major

Kidgell (afterwards another Witness against *Mr. Crane* ;) the Master kindly complied, and lent him, but *Mr. Harflee* when he had borrowed him, took care never to see him paid again ; for in six or eight months after his Master never set eye of him : Infomuch that he call'd *Mr. Harflee* to account about it, and receiving no Satisfactory Answer, threaten'd him with no less than prosecuting him for Spiriting away his Servant : *Mr. Harflee* at last gave him the Satisfaction of showing him his Man again, about six months after, about April 20, at *Joe's Coffee-house* in *Salisbury-Court*, in a Rich Coat, and all Accountments answerable, two Footmen at his heels, and the Secretary's Protection in his Pocket ; and in fine, much too great for a Coney-wool-cutter to grapple with.

In this five months past he had been in *France*, as we suppose, and 'twas here that he pick'd up his Plot, the vengeance whereof fell first upon *Mr. Crane*, when the Senior *Mr. Harflee* and the Junior *William Fuller*, with Major *Kidgwell*, were the Triumvirate Testimony against him.

In this advancement he made an extraordinary

extraordinary bluster about Town; and
 soon after past for a Major of a Regi-
 ment, particularly to one Dr. P——n,
 a Physician in *Kent*, and formerly his
 Acquaintance: Upon an accidental
 meeting between them, with a very ma-
 gisterial behaviour, and a great many
 Bravadoes, he talk of prodigious Interest
 he had at Court, and professing great
 Friendship for the Doctor, he proffer'd
 him any service he pleas'd to command
 him there. Would the Doctor be the
 Queen's Physician, if he pleas'd to ac-
 cept of that preferment, 'twas in his
 power to give it him; with Promises
 as large, as ever *Wickham* made Lega-
 cies; therefore desiring him not to be
 modest, but ask and have, he assured
 him he should not be three days with-
 out it. The Doctor who gave little
 credit to such Mountain-promises, yet
 nevertheless being better bred than
 rudely contradict so vain a Boaster, gave
 him the favourable hearing, and cour-
 teously replied, that he was by no
 means qualified for that Dignity, and
 whatever favour the Major was able to
 do him in it, however his own want
 of merit would not give him leave to as-
 pire so high. The Major swore a great
 many

many Oaths, that 'twas his own fault if the Doctor did not accept of his kindness; for with a very hearty Oath, he told him he could do it with a wet Finger, nothing more easie. The Doctor, still modestly refusing, the Major then prest him to accept of a lower post, a Doctor to a Regiment. The Doctor, though really giving little credit to any thing he said, yet seemingly satisfied with his last kind proffer, he thanked him for his great goodness, and if the Major would do him the Honour to let him know where he might wait upon him, or write to him, possibly he would make bold to embrace his Favour in somewhat of this kind, and acknowledge his Friendship for so signal an Obligation. The Major hereupon tells him that he would not fail in serving him in this, or a greater matter; and as his Affairs called him to his Command in Ireland, whether in some few days he was upon setting forwards, he called for a Pen and Ink, and left this Direction for the Doctor to write to him, *viz. Direct your Letter for the Honourable Major William Butler, in the Right Honourable the Lord Sidney's Regiment.* This direction did the Doctor keep

by him, and has several times produced it in Company, all of *Fuller's* own hand writing, to laugh at the Impudence of so much Pride and Vaniry; in a Fellow that knew the Doctor was no stranger to his Birth, as a Butcher's Son his sometime Neighbour in *Kent*, and yet thus arrogantly to write himself Honourable.

This Summer he took a Ramble to *Ireland*, where he staid but a short time, however he lived well there, for he never wanted some Bubble or other to bear his travelling charges in what Country soever; he had either Bills, or Shams, or something in all places, that brought him in a comfortable Subsistance.

From *Ireland* he returned, and lived about Town in a pretty splendid Equipage, for he had not only so many fair words at pleasure, but likewise that innocent Face, that it was hard to suspect him a Counterfeit. Here by his several wheedles he run into a great many Trademens, and others Debrs (witness the large Sums that now lye upon him in the *Kings Bench*) for his resolution, young as he was, was to live apace; for

Instance, he got 50 *l.* in a Mercer in *Covent Garden's* Books. From a Pastry Cooks near *St. James's* pretending himself a prosecuted Romanist, with Shams and Stories, in Money and otherwise, he hooked out 80 *l.*

But the neatest Sham was put upon one Coll. C——an old Cavalier, and Loyal Officer to King *Charles* the First, living not far from *Westminster* Abby. Spying a Bill upon this Gentleman's Door, he comes one day thither in a Chair attended by his Man, where desiring to speak with Madam C——the Lady of the House, and pretending himself a Country Gentleman newly come out of the Country, and that he had brought his Sister up with him to see the Town, he wanted a Lodging for her, and none could please him like her House, for he understood 'twas a sober Family, and 'twould be a great happiness to his Sister to have the Conversation of the two young Ladies, Madam C——Daughters, and truly on that consideration he would give her any content, and not stand with her for price. Upon this they strike up a bargain, and in two days he brings his Sister in her Country attire. When she

she had been there a while, he desired she might go to the dancing School along with the two young Ladies, being very desirous to have her take her education, in all things, from two such fair Examples; but first he so far insinuates with the good Colonel, and his Lady, as to buy for his Sister such new Cloaths, and other Necessaries, as might dress her up a suitable Companion to two such gentile young Ladies, promising to repay all very speedily with gratifications, &c. The kind perswaded old Lady accordingly takes her out, and new rigs her from top to bottom, gives her all the breeding of her own Daughters, supplies her with everything, a good Table, fair Lodgings, and what not. This continued above half a year, without one penny Payment from the Country Gentleman, the Brother; though continual fair words and promises were never wanting, and several very extravagant Letters came on that occasion, some whereof are as follows.

The first Letter. March 7. 1691

Madam,

I Am almost half distracted that I have thus been forced to disappoint you; Which I am most heartily ashamed of: My Banker, to whom I committed the care of receiving two hundred Pounds, on Tuesday last, I fear is gone off. I have been every day this Week to meet him, but can never find him within: He sent me word he would be with me this Morning, but is not come, nor is he at his own house, which grieves me much; for I have not only disappointed you, but others; but I am resolved, if possible to find him, but whether I do or not, at the beginning of the next week I shall receive two hundred Pounds more, and then you shall command what you please of me, and now if your necessities are great, I am contented to pawn some things for you; For I do protest I have not by me twenty Shillings, by reason I thought my Money safe in that Fellows hands; but if it is not much to your prejudice, I shall bear my loss the more contented, for I am ashamed to see you till I bring your Money.

Your humble Servant,

W. Fuller.

This

(17)

This Letter though dated 91, was last March 90. But you have it from the Original verbatim, as he penned it.

The Second Letter

Monday March 30, 1691

Madam,

THE great Obligations you have laid on me, by your care of my dear Sister, and your kindness to my self in this time of want, justly compels me to acknowledge the Favour; and though it is so great I will shortly, if possible, find out some way partly to requite it, neither will I cease there, but always whilst I live will study to be grateful to you. The Queen has this morning passed an Order for all my Moneys to be paid me, and to morrow morning I hope it will pass the great Seal, the Sum is near two Thousand Pounds, which I am certain of in a few days. I am just now going by her Majesty's Command to a grand Consultation of Chief Officers, so that I cannot possibly wait on you; but will on the first opportunity, and will not fail shortly to oblige you with what Money you desire. My humble Service to all, I am

Madam, Yours,

W. Fuller.

This

This second Letter, besides the Rhodomontades in the Contents, I must make one farther remark upon. When our great Courtier was Solliciting at Court for the broad Seal for 2000*l.* due from the Queen, that very day *March 30. 91.* he was in a Spunging House, a Prisoner for debt, in an Action charged 39*l.* 17*s.* and another of 20*l.* from whence the 1st of *April* following, he was by *Habeas Corpus* removed to the *Kings-Bench*.

But he staid not there long, for he made hard shift (his credit being not quite crackt) to get Bail soon after.

The Third Letter *May 5. 1691.*

Madam,

I Hope once more of your wonted goodness you will pardon me for not waiting on you since yesterday,

I could by no means get an opportunity of speaking to the Queen, by reason her Majesty went to visit the Countess of Suffolk; I am now going to wait for an opportunity, but something unfit by reason I had the misfortune yesterday to rinck my Foot; if I do not succeed this day, to morrow by God's leave, I will go to the A. Bp. of Caterbury's:

bury's: Nor will I miss of any occasion to forward my business, that I may make both you, and my self easie, and my Sister happy. Who am, Madam,

Your ever Obliged and Faithful Servant,

W. Fuller.

You see Reader, by what management our young Arts-Master put upon the World. For indeed 'twas much at this high sort of Romance that he gain'd so much credit, and run into these numerous debts, in so few extravagant Years, (neither Kings, Queens, Princes nor Prelates, no Names too sacred for him) He's an Officer, a Courtier, a Statesman, a Politician; our beardless Privy Councillor, call'd to Consultations, and what not: Has Broad Seals and Royal Thousands all at command: Every thing, and any thing, to look great.

But to return to our gay Boarding Sister, you see that Chearing and Imposture may run in a Blood; this young Country Damsel, with the same taint in her Veins, a tang of her Brother's Pride, could hold her false countenance with no less assurance, than his

own hardned front; and pass for a Country Lady, eat, drink and sleep, with Women of Quality, in her false trappings of Honour, her unpaid-for Gallantry, their Friend, their Companion and Equal; run on Tick to support her Vanity, and put her Roman-tick Brother the expence of so many impudent Forgeries, such lying Epistles, and all to gratifie a natural Ambition, the itch of a little Prodigality, the Family's frailty.

But to pursue our History; the Colonel, and his confiding Lady, have not only lodg'd, fed, and rigg'd his Lady Errant, but school'd, pamper'd and danced her too, and all to the Tune of Patience. Our young All-plot having talk'd all, but done nothing, banter'd and shuffled so beyond all human suffe-
 rance, that goodness it self can bear no more; at length they come to this prudent result, to attack the gay Rigging in their own hands, the rich garniture they had bought her, and so forgiving her her Boarding, Lodging, Schooling and Dancing, they fairly turn'd out the poor Spinster in her own proper Accoutrements, the Country Weeds she came in, to shift in the wide World,
 and

and exercise her own and her Brother's wheadling faculty for a new Lodging, at another Landlord and Landladies as kind as they had been.

But this current of Felicity was not always to run unstopt; for as a small check to his carreer, on the Fifth of June, he was snapt, and committed once more to the *King's-Bench*

Now this second time with his Stone-Doublet on, being a little faster noos'd than before, he was soon loaded with three or four hundred pound Actions, and our Spark too well known to be Bail'd: However, to keep up his port and Character, he still carries the Title of a Collonel, and Grandee-like, keeps a Man to wait upon him in prison.

One Comical passage during his confinement, is worth the Reader's hearing. It happened that one Major *Collingwood*, sometime a Brigadeer of the Guards, was then his Fellow Collegiate; with whom contracting an Acquaintance, and having one *Sunday* invited the Major to Dinner, after a good Treat, and the Bottle going briskly round, (for our Collonel lived nobly) the Major, amongst other chat, ask'd him very frankly, how
so

so young a Man as he, (being then not above 22) came to be made a Collo-
 nel? Our young Commander immedi-
 ately replied, *For his Services at the*
Boyne: And thereupon he makes a
 most heroick relation of Exploits he per-
 form'd there, as a Volunteer, of that
 extravagant Gallantry equal to Captain
Braggs Bell-clapper feats at *Buda,*) that
 he told him King *William* took particu-
 lar notice of him, and in the very heat
 of the Battle clapping him upon the
 shoulder, *Well Fuller,* (says the King)
thou art the bravest young Lad in all my
Army, and immediately upon the Spot
 gave him a Collonels Commission. The
 Brigadier, who was prepared to swal-
 low the Jest, made answer, that no
 Honour could be so great as what was
 gotten in the Field; and truly he much
 wondred the King did not dub him a
 Knight Bannoret. But, *pray noble Collo-*
nel, continues the Major, *were you a*
Collonel of Horse or of Foot? Our young
 Field Officer having not his memory a-
 bout him, could not readily answer to
 that Point, but upon second thoughts
 fancying the Major pinchd upon him,
Why, Sir, (recollecting himself) *do you*
think (says he) *that I tell you a lye? If*
you

you won't believe me, ask my Man here, he was there with me, and saw the King give me my Colnells Commission. You, Sirrah (turning to his Man) did not I do so and so, &c. (repeating all over again) and for my Courage and Services at that famous Battle did not you see the King Seal me a Collonel's Commission? No, by G--d, replies the Man. *How Rogue, Dog, Rascal!* cries Master) and flings a Glass of Claret in his Face: The Fellow, a sturdy Lad, his Eyes somewhat smarting, and his Indignation a little provoked, returns his Masters civility by fairly knocking him down: For though neither Fire nor Steel, Halbert nor Pole-axe could fell him at the Boyne, a box o'the Ear was a little too heavy here; so rising up again (for the Fall was not mortal) the Collonel in heat of blood some what forgetful of his Honour, to match his Prowess with Varlets, nevertheless enters into a single Combat at Loggerheads with his Man. In short, a most terrible fray ensued between 'em, sometimes one uppermost and sometimes t'other; till the Major at last, to make a Battle Royal of it, comes in for the third; for having a small walking Crab-tree Utensil in the Room, which

he

he called *Marjery*, he makes bold to lay on. And though he seemingly let fly only at the Squire, he let some chance drubs fall upon the Knight's Shoulders, till Master and Man, to shield from this new Assailant, drew off at some distance, and stood at bay. The Major, as if his whole vengeance was intended only for the Impudent Varlet's back, began to swear as hard now, as he thresh'd before, *Sirrah, Villain, Scoundrel*, (cries the Major) *G--D damn you for a Son of a Whore, what does your Master give you Wages for, but to lye for his Credit? If your Master had said he had been a Major General, were you so impudent a Rascal as to deny it. D--- him, let me cut the Rogue's Throat.* The Fellow pretty well satisfied with the Cudgelling already received, would not stay for any further engagement, but fairly facing to the right about marches off with some Precipitation, and the Master after him, crying very vehemently to the Turn-key. *Stop the Rogue, and by no means let him go out.* The Turn-key made answer, He was no Prisoner, and 'twas more than he could justify to stay him. *Ay, but* (replies the Colonel, with his Nose a little dripping)

ping) do you see what the Rascal has done, he is a Dog and a Villain, and has abused me. Nay, for that matter (quoth Turnkey) I am neither Constable nor Justice of Peace, and so opening him the door he gives him the compliment of [*Run Rascal*] and so troops off *Valer de Chambre*; and never found the way back again.

Our Collonel though loaded with so many hundred Pounds (as I told you) nay, and though so formidable an Hero at the *Boyne*, nevertheless found that favour from the House as now and then to be trusted abroad with a single keeper, particularly on the fifteenth of July following, he prevailed with one of the Turnkeys to take him abroad to *Westminster*. The Turn-keys Wife who had been often promised a small token of Love from the Collonel, for her Husband's former civilities to him, was pleased to be very high both with the Collonel and Husband for Nonperformance of Articles. Well, what would she have? Why truly he should present her with a *Topknot* and *Commode*. Very well, the Collonel upon honour would not fail equipping her at one of the *Milliners* in *Westminster-Hall*.

D

No,

No, troth that won't do, for either she wanted faith, being so long promised before, or else would not trust to the Collonel's fancy; she had rather have one of her own choosing. *Then Madam,* replies the Courtier, *there's a Guinea, please your self.*

So all Parties well satisfied, her Spouse and his Martial charge the Collonel move immediately to *Standgate*, and there takes Oars for *Westminster Bridge*. At their landing the Turnkey trips out of the Boat first, and turning back to look for his Prisoner, he found him stept over into a Galley, a boat with four Oars, that lay ready for him, and pushing off with all might and main towards *Whitehall*.

The Turnkey immediately bellows at no small rate, in the King's name, and what not, to stop him. To take Boat and follow him was in vain, for the Galley was too nimble for any common Oars, besides the Watermen were of the Collonel's Party. In short, he has no way but to leap into the *Thames*, which at that time at the very shoar was middle deep. So full cry he flounces in, with all the Expedition he could make after him; but all in vain, the Collonel

was

was got to *Whitehall* stairs before him; where the Watermen made a fair open Lane for him, whilst the dripping water-rat came too late to catch him. Some small Hubbub was made at the stairs, on this occasion, but all to no purpose, our new Courtier was in his own Element, and our Collonel-Hunter snapt too short to reach him: And the Jest of this pleasant Adventure went so far, that the Queen, inquiring into the occasion of the Huzzas and Hollows, at her Watergate, was informed that only a young Bloodhound, had slipt his Collar, an Evidence of hers was got loose.

The poor Turnkey, possibly what with his great Heat within, and his cooling fresh water pickle without, together with his dolorous Affliction for his lost Prisoner, soon fell sick, and dyed before the end of the month.

After this nimble conveyance out of his enchanted Castle, he began in prudence to consider, that *London*, and indeed little *England* might soon grow too hot for him, and therefore he resolves for a Ramble for *Flanders*: But before we shew you his Adventures there, we shall relate some particulars of his *Irish* Frolicks, which were un-

happily forgotten, in his forementioned *Irish Expedition*.

In *Ireland* by the Title of Squire *Fuller*, his Abode was at *Dublin*, he lodged at a Barbers in *College Green*, where he lived at that extravagant Expence, that notwithstanding he wheedled one Capt. *Vaud*— a Dutch Officer, out of 100*l.* and some other People of considerable Sums, by drawing of Bills upon an eminent Marchant in *Woodstreet* (for to countenance his shams he made use of no little names for his Correspondents) he run in his Landlord's, and some others debts near 100*l.* more, who having occasion for their Money, and (as with good Reason) pressing a little hard for it, to get his heels loose to return to *England*, he wheedled in an honest Man to be bound for it, with Oaths and large Promises of returning it as soon as he came to *England*. But about six Months after came a most miserable Letter from his kind Bondsman, directed for him to a House near *Chap-side* (whether he used to direct his town Letters) deploring his sad condition, himself in *Dublin Goal*, for the Debts he stood engaged for him, which he was utterly incapable of satisfying; and that

that unless he returned the Money according to his Promise, he must perish in Prison, and his Wife and Children starve. This Letter lying long in their hands, and none of our Wandring Spark at that time to be found, they made bold to open it, and found these lamentable contents in it. Had the Letter not been lost you had had it at length.

At his first coming back from *Ireland*, at a Tradesman's in *London*, he talked of most Stupendious Wonders he had performed there, that he was a Collonel of Horse, had been at the Siege of *Lymrick*; That the Lords Justices had resolved to make him a Lord Commissioner, and as an Earnest of their Favour had already given him the Lord *Clancarties* House, (what he meant by this unaccountable Gibberish I understand not) that he was to have Twelve Sub-Commissioners under him, the worst of their places worth 50*l.* and the best 100*l.* per Annum. But these over and above Extravagant Vapours he only made use of, where he thought High Words and Small Sense would pass Currant.

But let us return to our *Flanders* Voyage.

Accordingly himself, with his Man
 to attend him, and Entitled Collonel
Fuller, he went down to *Gravesend*, to
 take Shipping for *Holland*: Meeting
 with Honest Capt. C—— that carried
 the King over, the Collonel struck up
 with him for 10 Guineas (a Sum bid
 like a Chapman) to waite him over, say-
 ing, He was a Collonel and was going
 to his Command: The Captain paid
 him a more than ordinary Respect, and
 gave him the best Treatment his Vessel
 could afford. When he came cross the
 Water, the Collonel had not Money
 enough to pay the Sum contracted, but
 writes a Bill for the Captain to receive
 10 Guineas in *Amsterdam*, which at
 present very well satisfied the Captain:
 But when he came to get his Bill accep-
 ted, he received an unexpected An-
 swer, That they knew no such Collo-
 nel, nor had any such Sum so payable.
 This Disappointment put the Captain
 into no good Opinion of his Collonel;
 however, he resolved to say nothing,
 because he found himself bubbled. But
 his good Fortune in about a Fortnights
 time after, made him accidentally meet
 his unlook'd for dear Collonel at *Rotter-*
dam. The Captain makes up to him,
 and

and catching him fast by the Hand, made bold to tell him, that his Bill was not worth a Fathing. No, replied Fuller, with a look like a Dead Man, (being not a little surprized) Captain, says he, *I am heartily sorry for it, and beg your pardon, here are four Pistoles for you,* Swearing a great Oath, 'twas all he had; and so in haste took his Leave, whilst the Captain was very glad to get so handsome a Composition for a Debt so desperate.

However this cross Adventure did not baulk our Knight Errant, and pretending to be a Man of great Quality, no less than a Nephew to the Lord S—, he carried on the Disguise so artfully, and insinuated himself into the Favour of Major General K—, whom he saw at *Brussels*, that he struck up his Heels for 200 Guineas, and was so intimate with him as to ride in his Coach with him, the Major General thinking no favour too great for a Person so nearly Related to his Lordship, and one that behaved himself so much like a Person of Quality. Till one Day meeting his Lordship, he could not forbear telling him how hopeful a Young Gentleman he had for his Nephew, whom he had

the particular Honour to be Acquainted with, not a little priding himself in his Friendship and Conversation, and giving his Lordship a very extraordinary Character of him. My Lord was much surpriz'd, and utterly disown'd any Relation of that Name, and being showed the Person, and asking him what Countrey he was of, and which way his Relation to my Lord came in, he said he was of the *Fullers of Kent*, that truly he had the Happiness to be somewhat Related, though not so near as a Nephew, to his Lordship, 'tis true as he much feared, it was his Misfortune to be at present unknown to his Lordship, however he hoped his Lordship would pardon his Boldness, in laying claim to so high an Honour, it being impossible for him to do less than pride himself, though in the most distant Affinity to a Family of that Worth and Glory as his Lordships. My Lord not altogether satisfied with this Complement, was pleased to signify his Pleasure, that he desired him to forbear laying farther claim to his Kindred, for if he did, he would have a Paper pin'd to his Back, and have him Bumbasted by his Footmen through the Camp, that

it might be known how little Respect he had for his Nephew. This terrible Answer put our Spark into some Mortifying Consternations, and the Major General in some small surprize, which timely warn'd our Rebuked Gallant to walk off to shelter from his Lordship's Indignation, or rather in Prudence to retire from a more formidable danger; some hard Questions that possible might arise about his 200 Guineas, rais'd upon so Insolvent a Pawn as the Credit of his Lordship's Kindred. And therefore modestly withdrawing before the Major General was prepared to make any such Motion, he left the Room, and in less than half an hour after, the Town.

Here at *Brussels* he had all along kept a Coach and Four Horses to drive backward and forward to the Camp, &c. at Six Crowns a day Expence; though truly his *Man Rent* (for that was his Name) had often in several Companies, reproved his Master's Extravagance in not bringing over his own Coach and Horses, and so have saved all this needless Charge.

But having occasion at present to move off *incognito*, his Coach and Four

Steeds were no further useful, the Man and Master making the best of their way from this dangerous Town, with with all the Privacy requisite.

From hence his Pocket pretty well lined he gets to the *Hague*. Here he did not think the bare Title of Collonel, which at highest amounted but to *Honourable*, sufficient for the Figure he intended there, and therefore to Tagg his Point with *Right Honourable*, he mounts a little step higher, and Dubs himself a *Lord* by the Title of *Baron Fuller*; for it was observable, in all his Shapes, he was very unwilling to part with his Surname, for whither Major, Collonel, *Sir William*, or Lord in the Front, till *Fuller* brought up the Reer. Here he drove at a high Rate, till Fortune one day unhappily play'd a Sly Jades Trick; for when several of the Highest Nobility one Night were at a Publick Gaming, our Baron not to stand out put in for one of the Fair Gamesters, where 'twas his misfortune to loose all his Money; and his last stake being gone, he pulled out a small Bill of Exchange of 30*l.* charged by Mr. *John Stainsborough*, Hop-Merchant in *Thames-street*, London, upon *Myne Heer Van Wyke*,

Wyke Merchant in Amsterdam, payable to William Baron Kuller, or his Order, without any further Advice. This Stake went curreant in play, no body doubting a Person of his Honour, and consequently the Bill as Substantial as ready Money. But his Bill, in short followed his Gold; our Gamster lost all he played for. But when the Bill was tendered to Myn Heer, here was no Advice (as the Bill mentioned) wanting, for at the first sight he own'd it a Counterfeit, but this not fully satisfying the Person that tendered it, it happened that an English Gentleman being by, made bold to tell him, that he was afraid the Lord was as Counterfeit as the Bill, for to his certain knowledge, there was no English Nobleman of that Name, and to confirm what he said, he sent for the Present State of England, offering to lay twice the 30 pound, that no such Title could be found in the whole Catalogue of the English Nobility.

In this Flanders Ramble his Bank somewhat sunk, he happens into Company with one Mr. M.—— a Native of Holland, and one of the King's Messengers. His Occasions wanting a new supply, and some new Arts to raise it, he

he thought fit to strike in and try his Fortune with this Gentleman. The Discourse between 'em, discovering that the Messenger scarce ever lay still, that he had been upon several Expeditions with Expresses, &c. to several Courts on his Majesty's Account, and consequently imagining that the Messenger whose Business lay so wide, and himself so always upon Motion, was undoubtedly an Absolute Stranger to the Name of Fuller, either as Collonel, Major, Esq; Sir *William*, or Baron, or any of his Pranks, under any of those Titles, and in all likelihood like to continue so; with this consideration he resolves to pass for Sir *William Fuller*, an *English* Baronet newly come to his Estate, his Father Sir *William* not two Years dead, himself newly arriv'd in *Flanders*, but just come on shoar, his whole Business here being to spend a little Money, see a few Fashions, and so return home to his Family and Tenants, with all the Priviledges of a Traveller, viz. To be able to tell Wonders to the homebred Country Gentlemen, his Neighbours, that scarce ever Travelled beyond their own Grounds, to give the two young Ladies

dies his Maiden Sisters a Character of a *Dutch Froe*, and describe 'em the Difference between a *Flandrian* and an *English Gallant*; And likewise to see a little of a Warlike Compagne abroad, that he might talk Miracles to his Peaceful Brother Militia Captains at Home, and see some other Foreign Novelties, as might furnish out a modish Gentleman's Conversation at his return: And this truly was all the design he had in this Quarter of the World. The Messenger much delighted with the Gayety of his Humour, exprest his ready Inclination to do him any service in his Power. Our Sir *William* returning the Compliment, told him he would take him at his word, and the Favour he would beg of him should be this, to be some part of a Guide to him in a Country where he was so much a Stranger, desiring his Directions in his intended Ramble and Travels. The Messenger proud of obliging him in that Civil Courtesie, told him he should want no Instructions of that kind, and indeed 'twould be no little pride to him, could himself be his Companion in his Travels; that is, if his own troublesome Employ would permit: But as that rendred him uncapable

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able of receiving that happiness, however nothing in his part should be wanting to gratifie so worthy a Gentleman in so poor a service, and if he pleased to honour him by visiting an Uncle of his at *Rotterdam*, a Burgher of some small Fashion there, he would by a Letter do him that Justice to his Uncle, that his Uncles best services should be ready to oblige him in a higher measure than his own weaker Abilities could do. This Generous Engagement Mr. M—— you may imagine, occasioned a Courtly Complimental Answer.

But to shorten the Flourishing part of our History, the Messenger and the Baronet grew intimate, and a Recommendatory Epistle was prepared for him to his Uncle; and *Rotterdam* is the next place that our Traveller must visit. But before our new Sworn Friends part, the Baronet being in a strange place, and all his Travelling Treasure in Bills, and those unfortunately drawn upon Merchants in *Amsterdam*, he has a Present occasion for a small spill about 200 *Guilders* to supply his Pocket till his Receipts from *Amsterdam*, and therefore he makes bold to trouble his Friend for that Diminutive Sum, to be repayed
upon

upon Demand with Thanks. The 200 *Guilders* without the least scruple were instantly furnisht; and our Baronet thus Equip'd sets forward to *Rotterdam*.

Here he is no sooner Arrived but the Uncle is kind above Imagination, Treats him most Sumptuously, pays him all the Addresses fuitable to the Quality of his Honourable Guest, brings him into the Conversation of several Rich Merchants, who all of 'em grew extreemly fond of his Company, being indeed a Darling among 'em. During his stay here he strikes in with the Uncle for much about the same Sum he had before borrowed from his Nephew, the Messenger, and does it with that *alameda de negligence*, that truly 'twas impossible to deny him any thing, his pretensions for borrowing, being only occasioned by their own overkindness to him, for he is so highly caressed by the Uncle and his worthy Friends, that he cannot get loose from their Embraces to go to *Amsterdam*, to receive his own Bills. Amongst the several *Rotterdam* Acquaintance, he grew mightily Intimate with a *Scotch* Merchant, who more passionately Doated upon him than any of 'em all; with him he grows

so bold, that having a Bill of 300*l.* Eng-
lish Money to receive at *Amsterdam*, he
gets him to lend him 150*l.* of the Mo-
ney, all under the old pretence, that he
cannot stir yet from his overkind
Friends, Having thus nearly trumpr
upon the doating Sir *Credulus*, he is not
content with this pretty handsome
Squeeze, but in some few days after,
privately understanding that some Af-
fairs call'd our *Scotch Adventurer*, very
speedily to *Amsterdam*, he resolved to
pass the Slur upon him once more. Sir,
says our Baronet, I am so tied by the Leg,
that I despair of ever getting free from the
daily Importunities of my good Friends here,
and could heartily wish you would take the
trouble off my hands, of getting me one of
my *Amsterdam Bills* received. Noble
Sir; replied the kind Scot, I have some
Occasions in some few Days thither my self.
The Knight seemingly transported at
that good Fortune, made Answer. Nay
then Sir, I'll be so bold as to make use of
my worthy Friend, without seeking any
farther, if you'll please to favour me with
50*l.* more, to the Sum you have already
pleasured me with: Pray take this 300*l.*
Bill, and receive the Money, and then pay
me the Remainder at your Return.

To

To make even Money on't, the *Scotch-man* deposits the Additional 50*l.* without the least scruple, and takes the Paper Pledge for his Security. Upon this 200*l.* out of one Pocket, and so slender a Mortgage for it, our serious Sir *William* begins to consider that his Affairs are now upon their Critical Point, and therefore so orders matters, that that Morning our *Scotchman* moves towards *Amsterdam*, Our Baronet has extraordinary Occasions to meet some Friends newly Landed from *England* at *Helvetfluys*, and to palliate the Business, he received Letters the very Night before, which laid an Indispensible Obligation upon him of meeting them there, one of the Company being of no meaner a quality than an Earl, to whom he had the Honour by his Mother side to be Nephew. The Duty therefore that lay upon him on this Occasion, superseded all other Obligations, and he must be forced to borrow himself for some few Days from his kind Friend his Landlord, but faithfully promising his Return, and withal, not doubting but to bring my Lord his Honourable Relation to *Rotterdam*, whom he was sensible would be highly

thankful to him for the great Favours he had heap'd upon his Nephew, he formally takes his Leave.

No sooner came he to *Helvetshuys*, but by an accursed Caprice of Fortune, who should he meet but a particular Friend of Major General K—'s who privately takes our *Sir William* aside, and tells him, there were 200 Guineas long owing to the Major General, and which must be paid upon sight: Our *Sir William* was almost Thunderstruck at this Accident, and began a softening kind of a Speech to him; but the Gentleman who had no leisure for talking, cut him short in this manner. Look you Sir, (says he) the 200 Guineas were borrowed by fine Words and Sweet Looks, but hark you, Sir Knight, they must not be so paid. In short, I give you this Choice, either pay down the utmost Doit of the Money, or look to be Jayl'd for a Cheat and a Rascal. I confess if thou wert a Gentleman, I would give thee a third Choice; that is, to go into the Field with me, and there give me the pleasure of cutting thy Throat for thy Villany to my Honourable Friend the Major General; but as thou art a Scoundrel, that's an Honour too great for thee. And so, as I told thee before,

fore, of the two take thy Choice. The poor Sir *William* at this last blow, almost knock'd down like one of his Fathers Heifers, for some few Minutes stood Speechless; but at last recovering Soul enough to breath and speak once more, he told the Gentleman he would give him the utmost Satisfaction he was able; that truly he was ashamed of his Ingratitude to the Major General, but whatever he had deserved from his hands, he hoped both he and his Friends were Men of such Goodness and Worth, that if he strained hard to pay him 200 Guineas, they would graciously please upon his humble Supplication, which he would make upon his Knees, to seek no farther Satisfaction nor Punishments for his Faults. That therefore he hoped the Gentleman would be so kind as to be silent in the matter, least the exposing of him might be his utter ruin, which alas would be a poor Trophy for so noble a Gentleman as the Major General. Nay, says the Gentleman, pay but the Mony, you owe my Friend, and cheat all the World besides in the Devils Name. For my own part, I'll be so far from exposing thee, that I'll rather push on the Jest than baulk it. Upon

Upon this small Comfort, and some farther Assurances from the Gentleman on the same Account, he made hard shift, from the 200*l.* he had from the kind *Scot* (which, as good Fortune would have it, was yet untouch'd,) and the addition of a Gold Watch, to satisfy the whole Summ demanded. The Gentleman seeing the Moveable, *viz.* the Watch in too, to help up the sum, began to have some Commiseration upon him. Well, *poor Rascal* (says he) *I will not undo thee quite, there's five Guineas back again for thee for working Tools, till thou makest the next Bite for more ;* and so true to his Promise, without words or noise he takes his leave.

Our poor simple Travellor reduced to this small stake of five Guineas, is not a little disconsolate at his Calamity ; however, considering his Credit's above Deck, though his Pocket is a little under Hatches, 'tis some Mitigation to his grief ; and resolving to trust Fortune once more, he plucks up a Spirit ; puts on a good Face, and looks out sharp for new Game.

He has no sooner shook off all Care, and banish'd all Sorrow, but he happens to meet with two or three *English Merchants*

chants waiting for a passage to *Harwich*, he soon makes one with 'em; where bearing up the Port of an *English* Baronet, in an hours Conversation he begins to be a familiar Acquaintance; talks much of his Travels; that he was a great Man at Court; formerly the late Queen's Page, but since he came to Age, and his Estate, a Gentleman of Their now Majesty's Bed-Chamber; that he was returning for *England*, and expected a King's Yatch for his Passage, to which these *English* Gentlemen should be welcome, and that he had by Letters ordered his Coach and six Horses from his Seat at *Cobbamball*, to attend him at *Harwich*.

This Account from our Bed-Chamberman, procured him a great many Legs and Scrapes from the Merchants, who in Duty bound, returned his Honour a kind Acknowledgment for the Favour of his Yatch, they having design'd their Passage by the Packet Boat. No, by no means, he must beg that Favour of 'em; and not only so, but to take a part of his Coach from *Harwich* to *London*. He had at present only one Servant attending him, and the Diversi-
on of good Company, would be an Obligation of the highest value. The

The Merchants were in no small Confusion at this Extravagant Generosity from a Stranger, and a Person of his Rank. But waiting for our Royal Yatcht, our Expectants were all disappointed, Wind, Tide, or some other cross Accident was in fault, for no Yatcht came: Insomuch that instead of a King's Cabin, our Grandee was forced to make one with the Merchants in the homely Packet-Boat. Our short Voyage quick dispatcht, no sooner were we all safe at Port, but Inquiry at the Inns in *Harwich* was made for a Coach and Six Horses that waited for Sir *William Fuller*, to which being answered in the Negative, that no such Coach was or had been there; He fell into a great Passion, called his Steward a great many Rogues and Villains for this impudent neglect of his Commands, that his Letter that ordered his Coach, he was certain he must have received; that there was no Wind or Tide could hinder his Coach from Travelling, whatever they had done to disappoint him of his Yatcht; that the Negligence of his Servants was unpardonable, and when he saw 'em he should reward 'em accordingly. Now one thing I should have

have told you, he had Struck in with one of these Merchants for Ten Guineas; for a Person of his Quality, to want so poor a Sum, was only thro' his Distance from home, and the long stay abroad, that had lickt him up some considerable Hundreds more than he Expected. Thereupon being defeated of his Coach and Six Horses, and thereby not only unable at present to repay the Ten Guineas, but what grieved him more, that he could not oblige his worthy Friends as Engaged, he begg'd a Thousand Pardons of 'em.

One little Escape I had almost Omitted. In the *Packet-Boat* he met with one who very intimately knew him, viz. when he was my Lady *Melfort's* Page. This Person at present under some Cloud, being a Nobleman's Discarded Servant, made bold to borrow of his old Croney a Crown; and upon this Encouragement, once or twice more requested a further Favour of two or three Half Pieces of him, which our prudent Sir *William* to stop tatling pretty willingly lent him; but at last hearing his Fellow Traveller, the gay Baronet, talk at that Prodigious Rate to his Mates the *English* Merchants, he
whispered

whispered him once more and d fired
 to be pleased with a Brace of Gui-
 neas. Our Knight's Fund at this time
 none of the strongest, and good Nature
 somewhat tired with so troublesome a
 Petitioner, he was pleased to refuse this
 importunate Suppliant. Upon which
 his humble Addressor changing his
 Note, began to talk hard words, that
 if he denied him this Favour, he should
 take the boldness to cackle, and make
 some not overgrateful Illustrations to
 his Merchant Friends, upon the true
 Birth and Pedegree of their Honoura-
 ble Friend Sir *William &c.* Our Sir
William a little nettled, but not outbra-
 ved with all these threatnings, wisely
 runs to his Friends, and cries 'Whore
 first; tells 'em that an impudent Fellow
 in the Boat, whom he never saw before,
 and on whom he bestowed some Char-
 ity, had the Insolence to ask to borrow
 two Guineas of him; which being de-
 nied him, the ungrateful Villain with
 that forehead of Brass, that he had never
 met with in his whole Life, pretended
 to asperse him with a parcel of Lyes and
 Forgeries, such as he almost trembled to
 hear; that the Rogue would come and
 tell his worthy Friends, forsooth, that
 he

he was a Cheat, some pittiful Scoundrel like himself, and other such impudent Stuff that made his Hair stand on End but to Repeat. The Merchants were much concerned at this hideous Affront to their Honourable Friend: And in short the Matter came to a Trial of Skill; For the whole Life and Pedigree of this pretended Knight was reap'd up before 'em, in which the Knight out-brav'd all the poor Accuser could say, that he clearly carry'd the Cause; insomuch that at last it came to a Challenge between the Knight and the Impeacher, in which the two Merchants on the Knights side, and two other Passengers for the other Principal, were to have been their Seconds; But the Quarrelling Part before they came a Shoar was hush'd; and though this Accuser took the Merchant (that had lent him the Ten Guineas) aside, and bid him have a care of the Impostor, engaging to make out the Truth of all he had said; Nevertheless, our Sir *William* held that intire Ascendant, that he would not believe one Syllable against him.

But to return to *Harwich*. The Coach and Six Horses being wanting,

the Knight and his Companions came in a hired Coach to *London*; and there taking leave, he Invited 'em to Dinner at a Tavern in *Queen-Street* near *Cheapside*, on *Thursday* sevenight following, against which time he would have a fat *Buck* from his Park at *Cobham Hall* to entertain 'em, and then pay the Ten *Guineas* borrowed. The Merchants accordingly with some Friends (one whereof an Oyl Man in *Aldersgate-Street*) met at the Tavern on the day, but to their Surprize found neither Dinner, Venison, nor Knight provided. This Defeat strangely exasperated the Merchant that lent him the Ten *Guineas*, that more out of revenge than value of the Money, he made it his Business to hunt him through the whole Town, till at last he fixt him at a House over against the *Charterhouse*: Here he found it curfed hard to get at him, for he lived upon the Sculk, came in Late, and went out Early; however, resolved to Snapp him, he came with his Officers at 11 one Night resolving to keep 'em upon the Watch all Night, himself, and his Oyl-man Friend with him. The Spark was then going to Bed, but his Man discovering some Persons at the

the Door, which he fancied waited for his Master, he slipt to the Constable and Watch, and told 'em there were Thieves designed to break open such a House; the Constable and his Mirmidons thus Al-larm'd, came to do their Duty; when seeing their Substantial Neighbour the Oyl-man, one of the Gang of Thieves, upon Examination they found out the whole Roguery: And instead of Apprehending joined with them, and so far prevailed with the Landlord as to open his Door, and let in the Officers; who Arrested him in his Chamber, and hurried him to a *Spunging-House*, from whence on the 18th of November 1691, he was by *Habeas Corpus* removed to the *King's-Bench*.

It seems now that all his old Arrears are to be paid at once, for on the 18th of November, he was brought over to the *Kings Bench* by *Habeas Corpus*, and Lodged at one of the *Tiptaffs* Houses, under careful Tuition. The *Marshal* was pretty well pleased that they had retrieved their Fugitive, and giving him a visit, he asked him the Reason why he made so ungrateful a Return, for his Keepers kindness in *July* before, in making that former Escape: To

which he impudently made Answer, *he did it by the Queens Special Order.*

In these Melancholly Circumstances, his Projecting Head about the end of *December*, put him upon Addressing to the *House of Commons*, concerning his new Discovery; The Credit he thought he had gained in Mr. *Crones Diminutive Cause*, made him presume upon the Foundation of the Inconsiderable Truths delivered then, to raise Airy Castles and Mountain-Prodigies now. Accordingly he writes two Letters to the *Speaker*, whereupon, *January* the first, he was Ordered by the *Marshal* of the *Kings Bench*, to Attend the House on the *Monday* following.

According to that Order, he appear'd before the House, the 4th. of *January*, and had a Hearing before 'em, upon which it was resolved, that an humble Application should be made to His Majesty, that he would please to Grant for Mr. *Fuller* a Blank Pass for two Persons, for their safe coming from beyond Sea, or any other place hither to give their Evidence, and for their safe Protection while they are here, and their safe return, if desired.

On the 22^d. of *February* the House
being

being acquainted by the *Marshal* of the *Kings Bench*, that Mr. *Fuller* was very ill, and not able to attend the House, according to Order, several Members were appointed to repair to him, and take his Examinations and Information upon Oath, to secure his Papers, and Examine him who his Witnesses were, where they lived, and where to be found. And the House being farther acquainted by one of the Members, where the said Witnesses would be that Morning, the said Member was ordered to go to the place and bring 'em to the House.

On the 23^d. of *February*, one of the Members of Parliament (according to the order of the day) Reported, that the Members appointed, had repaired to Mr. *Fuller*, Had taken his Examination and Information upon Oath, and secured his Papers, and Examined who his Witnesses were, and where to be found. Which Papers and Examinations were delivered at the Table Sealed, and there opened and Read by the whole House. Mr. *James Hayles*, and Coll. *Tho. Dabwell*, being mentioned by *Fuller*, to be the two Witnesses, and he having directed where they Lodged, and described 'em to the Member that had re-

paired to him; several Members of the House were Ordered to bring the said Persons with them: and accordingly the Members appointed went, and Returned with this Report to the House, that they had been at the place directed by *Fuller*, but upon Inquiry there, both of the said Persons Names, and the Descriptions of their Persons, they could not hear of any such Persons, to have Lodged either at that place, or the adjacent Houses, the Persons who owned the said Houses, being all ignorant of any such Persons. Whereupon the House ordered that *Mr. Fuller* should procure his said *Two Witnesses* to attend the House to *Morrow Morning at Ten a-Clock* peremptorily.

But that *Morrow* being a Day quite out of his Almanack, and the whole Juggle and Shuffle now plainly appearing, it was declared by the whole House, *February 24. Nemine contradicente*, that the said *Fuller* was a notorious Impostor, a Cheat, and a false Accuser; that he had scandaliz'd Their Majesties and their Government, abused the House, and accused several persons of Honour and Quality; and that an humble Address should.

should be presented to his Majesty, to command his Attorney General, to prosecute him accordingly.

After this just Brand set upon him, and the prospect of a condign Punishment, now speedily to attend him, I shall only inform the Reader, that when his swearing Hand was in, he accused no less than 28 Lords, Spiritual and Temporal, and 15 Commoners, most of which of no mean Quality.

I shall only add a little Account of his Deportment in his Confinement, first, he affected his Old Title of Colonel still; nay, suffer'd himself to be call'd Collonel a long while after. Upon the Credit he thought he should get by his Plot, he bore himself with a very high strut and big look to the Tipstaff, his Landlord's Son, and others; he offer'd 'em places in his Gift at the Custom-House, or where they pleased, of near 200*l.* a Year. One day he had the Impudence to write a Letter to the Arch Bishop, who smiling at the Confidence of the Man; a Gentleman then attending his Grace, for the Humour sake, came to visit him at the Tipstaffs, which happening at Noon-time, he was at Dinner with two Fowls in a Dish,
and

and two young Women at Table with him. The Gentleman told him, that he understood he had written a Letter to the Arch-Bishop. Yes, Sir, replied our Coll. and I have good Reason to write; here am I serving the King and the Church, and the Nation, by discovering the Plots and Designs of their Enemies, and whilst I am doing 'em all this service, I am kept here and Starved. *How* (replied the Gentleman) *two Fowls, and two Mistresses, and complain of Starving! Troth, Sir, I think one Fowl, and one Mistress at a time, would make Shift to keep you from that Danger.*

In his Sickness, which disabled his Attendance upon the House, he silyly endeavour'd to insinuate a Belief that he was poyson'd, imagining (as 'tis to be supposed) that such a Suggestion might have credited his Evidence, by being thought some design of the Plotters, to stifle his Discovery. A Day or two after this last Vote of the House of Commons, his pretended Indisposition continuing, perhaps in earnest, that mortifying Vote being sufficient to make him sick indeed, Mr. *Th*— an Eminent Prisoner, a Person that had given a
little

little too fond an Ear to our Plot Witness, though at present somewhat aghast of his over-Credulity) at his own Charge sent a Physician to him. And at almost Midnight after, the Lecturer of the Parish was call'd to him, and desired to pray by him, who told him plainly, " That if he would first deserve " his Prayers, he should have 'em, *viz.* " if instead of that pretended Poyson " he was sick of, he would disgorge " the true Poyson he had poyson'd the " Nation withal, and own the Motives " and Causes why he Accused so many Innocent Persons of Honour, then he should have the heartiest Prayers he could make for him. But till then he must excuse him, and so left him.

The next Morning the Curate was sent for, to intreat him to do that Christian Office, which the Lecturer had refused him, which the Curate readily consented to. And after some very hearty Prayers suitable to the Sick Conscience he pray'd for, he modestly prest it home to him, concerning the many Persons of Honour he had Accused, till at last he frankly confest he had done 'em a great deal of Wrong, *For all he had Sworn was not of his own Knowledge, but only from 'Hear say.* He

He wheadled Dr. Otes out of Fifteen Pound (but upon what pretence our Examinants are not informed) and amongst other Actions did lye charged at his suite for 30*l*.

It happened that two of the Waiters, either in the Spirit of Ale, or Spirit of Prophecy, were one day so overhardy, as to talk a little of our great Evidence ; that they believ'd he wou'd prove a second *Dangerfeild*, and his highest Pre-ferment end in a Pillory or Carts-Tail. This coming to his Ears, he fell into that Mortal Dudgeon against 'em, that the *Marshal* was forced to turn them both out of their places, and glad he could come off so cheap; though 'tis true, since the *House of Commons* Vote, he has Restored them again.

And as the Orders of so Honourable an House requir'd a punctal observance, and Offenders of that Nature ought to be strictly Confin'd; so the Marshal took a particular care of his handsome Prisoner, by removing him out of the Sun, which he Tann'd himself with at the *Tipstaff's* House, to a shady Appartment on the other side of the way, where he was kept under Lock and Key, and had all imaginable Lei-
sure

sure to provide for Excuses against his
 Trial, which was to come on the next
 Term. Our Man of Romance spent
 his time as idly here, and with as lit-
 tle concern, as if he was above the
 reach of the Law, and had His Maje-
 sty's Letters Patents in his Pocket to
 Authorise what He had been Guilty
 of; carrying himself as high in the
 Goal, as if he was at his own House,
 and making his boasts amongst his Fel-
 low Prisoners, as if he was Acting the
 Baron again in *Holland*, or personating
 the Kinsman of some great Nobleman
 at *Brussels*. Neither did he want for
 Persons to feed his Vanity, in a Place
 where Poverty display'd it self to the
 utmost, and where the gift of a Brick,
 and a Penny-worth of Cheese, Entitled
 any one to be what he would be pleas'd
 to make himself. *Collonel* was his
 Name while his Money lasted, and his
Honour, the Compliment which was
 made to him by the Collegiates, which
 were his Dependants. But when Gold
 had departed this Mortal Life, and
 his Pockets ceas'd their Acquaintance
 with Silver, *Plain Fuller* was the Name
 that succeeded; and Contempt took the
 place of Obeisance. But as he was no
 such

such stranger to the mutability of Fortune, as to have her fling no Rubs in his way before, so he now bore, with the Reflections which were cast on him, with so singular a Demeanure, and Exaltation of Mind, as if they were rather the Effects of the poor Peoples Ignorance, than his Demerits. His Trial coming on a little after, he behaved himself at the Bar, more like a Person that sat on the Bench, than a Wretch of his Circumstances, and told the Court he had done such things for the Preservation of His Majesty's Person, and the Present Government, that he had greater reason to expect the Thanks of the Nation for his great Services, than an Arraignment as a Criminal. However he was found Guilty of Forgery, and his Endeavours to destroy a great number of Innocent and Noble Persons, over-ballanc'd the Service he had done in the Conviction of one, which was Guilty, viz. Mr. Crone. Accordingly Sentence pass'd upon him, which in consideration of his Youth, was lighten'd to the Pillory, when he deserv'd to have lost his Life; and he was Remanded back to his Old Habitation the *King's-Bench*, where he stay'd

stay'd Two or Three Days, and being
 satisfied he deserv'd little favour from
 his Countrymen, whom he had been a
 Disgrace to, ran in Debt with a Smith
 in the Neighbourhood for a Steel-Head-
 piece, to keep off Stones, Dirt and
 Rotten-Eggs, and having provided him-
 self to entertain the Mobility, he di-
 verted them Three Days successively,
 to such a degree, that he could not but
 have their Thanks, for saving them
 the Charge of a Scavenger, and car-
 rying off the City Dirt, by Coaching
 it into the Suburbs. This Thought
 puts me in mind of a Transaction,
 which happen'd Two or Three Years
 after, between a Woman which Sold
 Eggs and him. *Fuller* it seems going
 by her, was Accosted with the Com-
 pliment of, *God Bless your sweet Face,*
Dear Colonel, I shall never forget it, that's
certain, I had never been the Woman I
am, if it had not been for it, &c. and
 being surpriz'd at her Discourse, ask'd
 her the meaning of such an odd sort of
 an Interruption? *Ah! Master,* reply'd
 the Basket Woman, *though you are*
pleas'd to forget the time you stood in
State at the Royal Exchange, I shall have
cause to remember it all my Life-long;
G
for.

for I had such a Price for a parcel of stale Eggs then, and all for your Dear sake, that I should be glad to Sell these in my Basket, which are New-laid, now for.

But to return to our Prisoner's Place of Abode the Kings Bench, where we must suppose him to have taken up his Lodgings again, after such hot service. He return'd to his old Rhodomantado's again, told the Waiters the King let him suffer only to keep in with the House of Commons, who must be humour'd at such a Juncture, but that he should have such a considerable Post near his Majesty's Person shortly, as should make him more than amends for the dishonourable Treatment he had receiv'd from the Hands of some People, whom he should not long stand in fear of. His stay here was not long after his Punishment, for he was grown so troublesome a Bedfellow to those who had the misfortune to lie in the same Chamber with him, and so much addicted to a Sin which has not a Name bad enough for it, that he was us'd so scurvily by his Comrades for it, and so often Kick'd, and severely beaten, that he wheedled some Body or other out of Money for a fresh Hebeas Corpus, and re-

remov'd himself to the *Fleet*, where he had the Liberty to lodg in the Rules, and walk in the day-time any where about his necessary Occasions.

The Reader, without doubt, expects now he is a Prisoner at-Large, to hear some of his Exploits, and that a Man of his active Genius in matters of Business, would not content himself with the Pranks which had already made him Famous, or sit down which the consolation of having out-done most of his Roguish Predecessors of Pious Memory. To begin therefore with the first that presents it self: Our Conney-Wool-cutting Colonel had not been long at this his new Place of Residence, but he got acquainted with one Mr. *Hayurst*, a Printer, or one who dealt in Printing, and by pretending to furnish him with Secrets of State, which he had been let into, and Promises of preferment at Court, he got several Sums of Money from him, and made the Poor credulous Husband send his Wife's Petticoat out many a time to provide his Honour (for that was the Title they gave him) a Dish of Fowls, &c. for Dinner. It happen'd one *Barnham*, a Book-Binder, now living in *Little Brittain*, frequented this Man's House,

and being known for a Stout Fellow, and a Person of Singular Courage and Resolution, was brought acquainted with the Noble Squire, as one very fitting to defend him from some disaffected People, who, as *Fuller averr'd*, laid wait for his Life. Nothing was left unpromis'd, to make the Champion enter into his service, and the Collonel, for that is his *Nom de Guerre*, told him the King had that day made him Governor of *Portsmouth*, in consideration of his great Services, and if he would sell off his Tools, and apply himself to a Military Life, he would make him him his Deputy Governor, and give him at least a Company of Foot besides *Barnham* believ'd every word he said, but being willing to provide for his Wife and Child, told him, he would readily embrace his Honour's offer, but he could not go so far from his Family without leaving a Maintenance behind, in order to their support, which he was incapable of at that Juncture. Pugh! said the Collonel, I'll soon remove that scruple, I'll settle Threescore Pounds a Year upon 'em immediately for their present Subsistence, and after we are fix'd, and have all things necessary

at

at my Government, you may send for 'em down to *Portsmouth*, and there shall be no distinction between them, and my own Relations. The Book-binder embraced his Offer in an Instant, gave him a hundred *If it please your Honours*, scrap'd unmercifully, and all over transport, told his Honour, he waited his Orders, and guarded him home ev'ry Night to his Lodgings with two Pistols stuck in his Girdle, and a terrible Oak-plant to combat his imaginary Foes with. And as our present *Guard-de-Gor* dream'd of nothing but Golden Mountains, fine large Rooms hung with Tapstry, and a thousand other whimsical Enjoyments, so *Little Britain* look'd as much like a Dog-Kennel in his Eyes, as *Hookley in the Hole*, and a Bookseller seem'd as much beneath him then, as he imagin'd his Foot-Soldiers would be hereafter. All his thoughts were bent on the disposal of his working Tools, and he was still fashioning his Mouth to call his Wife, *Madam*, and express himself after the Quality way of the *Young Lady* my Daughter, till fortune was pleas'd to befriend him with the Conversation of some People who knew *Fuller* better than himself.

and

and he understood before it was too late, that his pretended Benefactor had pack'd up his Awis and was gone, after having ruin'd poor *Hayurst*, made bold to borrow Fifty Pounds of Charitable Sir *Henry F——s*, and run himself Seven and twenty Shillings in Debt with his Deputy Governor, and Life-Guard-Man, else honest Mr. *Barnham* had despis'd Leaf-Gold as much as he now values it, left being serviceable to the Commonwealth of Learning, to be render'd incapable of serving himself, and had been undone to all intents and purposes while he fancy'd himself at the very brink of Preferment.

'Twas but fitting our Spark should move his Quarters, after having rais'd such a stink not far from 'em, and fix upon another spot of Ground, since he had done all he could upon this. Wherefore without any Ceremony he gave the Warden of the Fleet the slip, and chang'd *Ludgate Hill* for the *Verge* of the Court, and having provided himself with a Taylor, who lov'd Men of fair Speeches, and new rigg'd him from Top to Toe, away marches our Gentleman to the Council Chamber at *White Hall*; sends in a Letter to that Most Honourable

Honourable Board, and acquaints 'em that he knew where Collonel *Parker*, who escap'd from the *Tower*, and several other Male-contents under the same Predicament, were to be found. The Lords were extreamly amaz'd at the Fellow's Impudence, yet tho' they knew his Character, and what he alledg'd to be true, was as false as Hell, 'twas thought adviseable to seem to give Ear to him, lest the Rascal, who was a Perpetual Teizer of Parliaments, and who notwithstanding his last ill success with 'em, had Confidence enough to make another Attack as should lay hold of this occasion to complain against the Ministry: Accordingly they order'd a Gentleman, well known to the Government, to accompany him into *Sussex*, in search of the Persons before mentioned, and to bear his Charges. Horses being provided, and Letters sent to the Sherriff of the County to Aid and Assist them upon occasion, down went our Gentleman with his Overseer, whom he fancied the Government sent in Honour to him, to wait upon him, and obey his Orders, and the first Inn they Baited at, *Fuller* took occasion to Buz about the Secret, which he made the

the People of the House believe His Majesty had entrusted him with, and the great Confidence the King had put in him. Inn-Keeper, Tapster, Cook-Maid, Hostler, and the whole Neighbourhood shew'd him no small respect, and taken with his appearance ; his *Worship* was the best Word they could think of for him, and they strein'd hard for some greater Title than they usually gave their Justices, while the Gentleman, who bore him Company, and was his Superior in Commission, had not so much as an Hostler to hold the Reins of his Horse for him. However he took no Notice of it, and contented himself with the Entertainment such a Conceited Coxcomb's Folly gave him. Nothing material happen'd before they reach'd *Chichester*, which was the City they were to Travel to ; but that they were forc'd to take up at a Countryman's-House for their Lodging the first Night, where *Fuller*, after the manner of the Beaux, shifted himself, tho' on a Journey, and leaving a fine Flanders Lac'd Shirt and Neck-cloth, and a clean Pair of Gloves in his Chamber, his Land-Lady being an honest Woman, brought

brought 'em after him, and told him he had forgot to put those things up in his Port-Mantle : No, no, said our Courteous Squire, prithee Good Woman take 'em for your self, it is always my Custom to leave such little matters to the people of the House I Lodge with, on a Journy. The Woman was mightily taken with his extravagant Civility, call'd him a Hundred Lords, and held up her Eyes, and pray'd to God, to bring him safe to *Chichester*, where he arriv'd with all safety Imaginable, and being unwilling to Disturb the Colonel's or his Accomplices Sleep that Night, put off the Taking 'em till next Morning. In order to which, the High Sheriff gives his Attendance at their Inn, promises his Service, and Laughs heartily with the other Gentleman over a Bottle of Wine, while *Fuller* takes Horse, and pretends to ride to a Town hard by, to find out the Traitors. Mr *F———* for that was the Sheriff, having a Character of our Plotter-taker, sends a Man after him to dog him, and observe his Actions, which accordingly was done, and Word brought, that our Coney-Wool-Cutter did nothing but Drink one Pint

of

of Wine by himself, take a Dish of Coffee, and get a Horse-back again, tho' he swore Heartily when he came back, he had actually spoken with *Par-ker*, and his Adherents, and they promised him upon Honour, to surrender themselves to the Sheriff that Night. How improbable soever this look'd, the Sheriff would give him no occasion of Complaint for want of his staying; but no Colonel came that or the next Night. This made the Gentleman, who came with him very uneasy, but not daring to return without the Secretary's Order, he sent a Letter to desire leave to come up to Town, from Hunting after a Needle in a Bottle of Hay. Accordingly he received Dispatches to return, but *Fuller* having made a Market of no one since his arrival at that Place, goes to an Eminent Dealer, acquaints him with his Commission, and telling him that Money fell short, offers him to draw a Bill upon Sight on the Earl of *P——d*, for a Hundred Pound, which he had certainly receiv'd, had not Mr. *F——n* came Accidentally by, and crying, *Your Humble Servant Mr. Fuller*, been asked his Character, and by his Answer, freed the Shop-keeper from so great a Loss. How-

However, tho' he was Disappointed at the Shop-Keeper's, he succeeded with Mr. *Barnes* the Carrier of the Town; who readily took a Note drawn on a Banker in *Lumbar*-Street, that knew nothing of the Matter, for Five Pounds, which he laid down in specie. This small Sum, which he was forc'd to accept of, instead of his Hundred Pound, furnish'd him with means to provide for going, and to remove from a Place where its Inhabitants were likely very soon to smell him out; but he could not in his Conscience part from it neither, without another Cheat, and whom should he design that to be put on, but his Fellow Traveller in his Sense, tho' his Superintendant in that of others. And away he marches to his Inn, Counterfeits an Extraordinary surprize, tells the Gentleman who came down with him, he had just parted with *Parker*, and the Persons they were in Quest of, at such a House, two or three Miles off, and desired him to let him ride his Horse which was of great Value, and was very proper for such an Enterprize, and he would cause 'em immediately to be seiz'd every Man, since they had been so dirty, as to Violate their Parole of Honour,

Honour, which they had so plainly given him of surrendring themselves. But our Spark had a long headed Man to deal with, who knew the Price of a good Horse better, than to part with him so easily, and who made no Bones of a downright denial, to one who brought him down so many Miles on such a sleeveless Errand. This made his *Kentish* Mood up in an instant, and falling into a pretended Passion, he Swore His Majesty should know what a sort of an Assistant the Secretary of State sent with him, that he should; and if the Colonel was not his Prisoner that Day, the King should be acquainted at whose Door the Fault lay. But he might have spar'd his Threats, for the Gentleman knew well enough, that a Fellow who had put such a Trick as this upon the Government, could never more obtain to be Countenanc'd by it, and having received expresse Orders from above, to render himself in *London*, by such a time, paid our Spark's Charges at his Inn, and Civilly took his leave of him, making the best of his way in order to give the Ministers of State an account, how far they had Executed the Commission they were entrusted

entrusted with. *Fuller* had no business to stay behind him, it being very unlikely he should be successful in his designs upon any ones Pocket, now he was left alone, when his Intentions were Defeated, even whilst he had a Gentleman of some Esteem in the World, to bear him Company, and the High Sheriff to attend him, and therefore since he had lost all hopes of Riding away with a better Horse, contented himself with mounting his own Hackney, and spurr'd forwards with the Poor Carrier's five Guineas in his Pocket, to seek out a Lurking place in *London*, since he did not dare shew his Face again at his Old Lodgings near *White-hall*, after such an Imposition on the Court, which he had been lately Guilty of. And whose House should he pitch on at his Arrival in *London*, but honest Capt. *Daintry's*, a Cane-Shop, just without *Temple Bar*. The Captain being a Man of Exceeding Complaisance, and a great admirer of People who are in the Interest of the present Government, receiv'd his new-Lodger with a Courtesie of behaviour which was natural to him, and express'd himself in such a manner, as to insinuate

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that

that a Person who had been so serviceable to his Majesty (as he pretended to have been) might command all he had, since it was plain he had ne're enjoy'd such a Shop of Goods as he then did, were it not for his disappointing the designs of the Enemies of the Protestant Religion, by the Conviction of *Crone*, and other remarkable Exploits. To be sure his Guest was not backward in Verbal returns, and as he Personated a *Pondam* Page of Honour to the late Queen, made use of very courtly Expressions. Lodgings were at a High Rate, and were Book'd down Week after Week, with Snuff-Boxes, Canes, and other Nick-nacks, so fast, that the Captain was at last oblig'd to make a Civil request to his Honour, back'd with a world of Excuse to furnish him with the small matter that was between them, who seeming to be surpriz'd at the misfortune of his not having so much by him, told him the neglect of his Steward in the Country, at present made him so bare, but he would send his Man down on Purpose to his Estate in *Kent*, in order to bring him a fit supply for the Captain's and his own occasions, and to carry on the

Gran-

Grandeur of the thing he concerted matters with his Servant, and order'd him to remove for some time from him, as if he was actually gone into the Country to receive his Rents. *Fuller* the next Morning borrows two or three Pieces at a House hard by, and takes Coach at his Landlord's Door, as if bound for the Earl of *Romney's* in order to receive a round Summ, but instead of troubling his Lordship, alights at a Surgeon's, a Friend of his, whom he prevails with to help to carry on the following Jest for him. Dear Friend, says he, there is a Lady of great Fortune, whom I Court, and am not without hopes of obtaining, but her Brother is against the Match, and has actually sent me a Challenge to meet him to morrow Morning, because of my Pretensions to his Sister. Now, tho' 'tis well known I fear no Man living, yet the respect I have for the near Relation he bears to my dearest Mistress, and the inconsolable grief the poor Creature would be overwhelm'd with, should he fall by my Sword, (as he surely must, if I meet him) has prevail'd with, me notwithstanding my Natural heat of Temper, and the fierceness which

is entail'd upon our Family, to think of a Medium how to prevent his Fall, and yet not be detrimental to my own Honour. What think you, Friend of mine, if I should feign my self Wounded by a Parcel of Ruffians this Night who are Enemies to the Government, and consequently my implacable Foes? You may pass excellently well for my Surgeon, as you are of that Profession, and keep me in a countenance by pretending to dress my Wounds, &c. and as an Encouragement for your carrying on the design, you shall have the same Recompence, as if I was actually under Cure.

Mr. *Plaster-Box* needed no farther Arguments to have a Finger in the Plot, than the profitable Expressions which fell last from him, and to make it appear as if he had actually fallen into the hands of the Ungodly, makes use of some Porringers of fresh Blood, which stood in his Window, and stains our Mock Heroes Coat, Waist-Coat and Shirt, with it, in such a manner, that he really seem'd what he would look like. His Cloaths also were Pink'd through in several Places, and he stood so much on having the Repute of a Man
of

of Valour, that he could not be satisfied till his Sword had the same Honour done it; and was besmear'd up to the very Hilt, in order to give the People where he Lodg'd an Item of his Bravery, and shew he was not Inferiour to his Adversaries in Resolution of Mind, tho' he had been unhappily over-powered with numbers. Adorn'd after this Heroical Fashion, and dress'd up like one going to the *Hotel de Invalids*, home goes our Champion in a Chair, and his Surgeon Walking after him in as Disconsolate a Posture, as ever Joyful Widow feign'd her self to be in after her Husband's Corps, or Rich Heir follow'd his Father to the Grave with. He was no sooner gotten in Doors, but Maid, Mistress and Man, (for the Master was at *Enfield*,) were ready to drop down Dead at the Sight, the Poor Colonel was Kill'd, was the Burthen of the Song, and nothing was to be heard in the House, but Lamentations for this Unfortunate Accident. A Messenger was Dispatched immediately to the Captain, with the Deploable News, and came back with Word, that had he been in Town at the time when this Disaster happen'd, he would have

have march'd after the Rascals who occasion'd it, with his whole Company of Train-Bands, but he would have brought 'em to Justice. But to return to our Wounded Man, he bids the good People, not be concern'd, and questions not (with David after his Deliverance, from the Paws of the Lion and the Bear,) but the same Power which had preserv'd Him, after lying in his Bed Poised Twelve Weeks, without Speaking or Stirring, would continue to Act in favour of him at a juncture, when he had it in his Power to be more Serviceable than ever to His Majesty, and his Three Kingdoms. Yet, if it was so Ordered, that he must leave this Life for a better, as the Danger of his Wounds seem'd to foretell, they should find the Kindness he had receiv'd from 'em, and the Compassion they had for his Misfortunes, fully Compensated, if his Estate in Kent, and his other Manners were capable of making a sufficient return. To be sure, the Mistress and Maid shew'd their Behaviours for so kind Expressions, and the Prentice for his part, lost abundance of his concern for his Master Fuller's danger in his Reflections on the promise he had made them. But the Surgeon being impatient with his Patient

tient to take his Bed, they had not time
 to pay him those Acknowledgments as
 they thought he deserv'd, and being
 told Company would be Troublesome
 to him at that Juncture, they took their
 Leaves of him, after Hearty Prayers in
 Outward Appearance, for his Recovery,
 when all their Secret Petitions were,
 that God would remove him, that they
 might fall to the Division of his Estate
 in *Kent*, &c. However, tho' a Bed-
 fellow, was not at all proper for a per-
 son under his pretended Circumstances,
 and a Wounded Man should be kept
 from any fear of being Disturb'd, our
 Chicken-hearted Conney-Wool-Cutter,
 could not lie alone; wherefore since
 his Man was pretended to be Dispatch'd
 in *Kent*, he must needs have the Young
 Man, the Captain's Apprentice, for his
 Night Companion. The Young Fellow
 for his part, took it for a particular
 Favour, and very readily embrac'd his
 Offer. But had not been long in Bed,
 when our sick Man having practis'd
 over all his wry Faces, and spent his
 whole Magazine of Sighs, and Scriptu-
 ral Ejaculations, and the unhappiness
 to forget the Condition he pretended
 to be in, and getting up very vigorous-
 ly.

ly was for mounting his Bed-fellow's Posteriors, and made appear he had one Qualification of a famous Evidence, who is known at the Court end of the Town by the Name of a *Crupper-cracker*. The Boy being unwilling to be Back'd after such a Beastly manner, and highly sensible of the unnaturalness of the Fact he was endeavouring to Commit, jump'd out of Bed, and the Wounded Hero finding how Averse he was to such Sinful Practices, turn'd himself, as if recover'd from a Dream, and fell to his Groans and Prayers again, which seem'd to be most proper at that Juncture. This Accident pass'd off well enough, for the Prentice being fearful of losing the Legacy he flatter'd himself with the hopes of, and not knowing but it was the Effect of some Light-headed Fit, never spoke of it 'till the Bird was flown, and there was no possibility of his being a Landlord in *Kent* by his means. Two or Three Nights pass'd on, but scarce a Waking Hour, notwithstanding his former Repulse, in which he could keep his Hands to himself. Yet still the Boy had his Eye upon the Dirty Acres on the other side of the Water, and kept the Secret, tho'

he

he had the utmost abhorrence of it. But now it was time, after he had play'd his part so well in this Tragi-Comedy, to close the Scenes, and come to a Conclusion, as to these Lodgings which were likely to grow too hot for him. He grew better and better every Day, to the great Grief of the Family; and no Servant with any Bags of Money making his appearance from his Country Tenants, he could not but think it adviseable to prepare to give the Noble Captain, with whom he had taken up his Residence, the slip. Accordingly the Surgeon declares him capable of going abroad without any danger of a Relapse, and the best of his Effects being mov'd off the Night before, he locks his Chamber-Door, and down he comes to his Landlord's Son in the Shop, and desires him to lend him a pair of Skrew-Pistoles, Value Six Guineas, for he was just then going to Surprize the Villains, who had Wounded him, and was sensible the Resistance they were likely to make, made it but necessary he should have other Arms than a Single Sword. The Subject of the request seem'd Probable enough,

enough, and the Pistols were deliver'd him, with a multitude of desires to take great care of 'em, for they were made on Purpose for the use of a certain Person of Quality, whose Name I shall at present forbear mentioning. No promises were wanting on his part, and away he marches with 'em, pretending to seek for a Constable to bear him company in the dangerous Exploit; but instead of it, takes Coach for the Place where he had order'd his Man to stay for him, instead of his Journey to *Kent*, and from thence takes Boat with him for *Graves End*, leaving his Name to be seen in the Captain's Books, and those at the *Cock-Ale House* next Door, that they might not lose the remembrance of him. The People of the House finding their Lodger not to come as usual, began to smell a Rat, especially the Captain's Son, who had lent him the Pistols, and finding his Bag and Baggage march'd off, were so diligent in their enquiry, as to be inform'd of the Voyage he had taken, in Company with another Person to *Gravesend*. Wherefore young *Daintree*, immediately takes Horse, and posts down after

as fast as his Legs would carry him; nor was he unsuccessful in his Journey, for after some enquiry at the Publick Houses in that Place, he found him at Supper with his Land-Lady, and two or three more, and the Brace of Pistols on a Table just by him. However our Spark took Heart of Oak, and with a noble Assurance accosted his Young Landlord with all the seeming Satisfaction at the sight of him imaginable, desir'd him to eat a Bit with him, and told him he had follow'd the Rascals to that Place, and since it might possibly hinder the Sale of his Pistols, they were there ready to be return'd to him, and he thank'd him heartily for the use of them: For he had such an Interest in this County, that he should have 'em if they were above ground, without exposing any other's Person than those of his Tenants. And he thought himself happy in seeing him there, by reason he had an opportunity of paying him his acknowledgments, at his own House, and letting him see he had a sense of Gratitude and would make handsomer returns than what was between himself and his good Father, could possibly require.

The

The Young Man was dash'd at the fair words he gave him, and apt to believe he was really the Man of Estate he took upon him to Personate; said nothing of the matter he came down for, but took his Pistols again, and having drank a Bottle or two with him, and agreed to meet next Morning to go to his Mansion House, in order to receive the Money due to his Father, with the other Civilities he promis'd him, retir'd to his Chamber. In the mean time our pretended Gentleman, and his Man, laid their Heads together, and finding it high time to be gone, slip'd away that Night on board a *Deal* Hooker, from whence they took Horse afterwards, and arriv'd safely the next Noon at the *Red Lyon* in *Canterbury*, where they took up their Residence, in order to try their Fortunes once more, leaving the Young *Cane-Man* in a dismal perplexity next Morning at the News of their Escape, and without the least glympse of Hopes, of being drunk with Squire *Fuller's* *October*, or carrying home any other Satisfaction to his Father, than that of the recovery of his stray'd Pistols again.

Being now in a Place, where Religion seem'd to have some Authority among the Inhabitants, and the Prebendaries of the Cathedral Church, bore no little sway over the Layity; it was altogether necessary he should put on a Sanctify'd Face, and make himself Conformable to a Temper of Mind, which the Gentry of the Town seem'd to be wholly possess'd with. Wherefore as he made it his practice for the time past, to put Tricks upon Men; he resolv'd for the Present, to endeavour to put a Cheat upon God, and feign a sort of a Bigotism, which was much approv'd of, in those Parts. Accordingly our Spark was to be seen Lolling upon a Velvet Cushion next the Dean's Stall in the Cathedral, Mornings and Afternoons, with Eyes lifted up, as if he was Petitioning for mercy, when he was racking his Thoughts to be unmerciful, and find out ways to abuse his Fellow Creatures. He was soon taken Notice of, for it was a Town where no Stranger could escape a very narrow observation, and was handed about from one Prebendaries to another's Table, from Day to Day, till our Counterfeit Church of *England* Man

I found

found time was ripe for Action, and Money falling short, held a Consultation with his Wits, how to make his Bank rise again. He had pass'd all along with 'em, for a Nephew of the Bishop of *Durham's*, and the next immediate Heir to whom the Title of Lord *Crew* was to Descend after his Uncles Decease, and his Lordship being possess'd of large Preferments in his Gift, 'twas no hard matter to persuade a sort of People, who are still gaping after new Donations, to accept of 'em. Wherefore going to a Reverend Doctor, who desires to be Nameless. He told him he had just then receiv'd Advice a Prebend of *Durham* was fall'n Vacant, and that the Doctor had so often oblig'd him with his kind Entertainments, that he would Dispatch Letters immediately by the Post to his Uncle, (who could not deny him any thing,) to Confer it upon him: The Doctor who had no reason to refuse the Proffer, return'd him his Acknowledgment in as handsome Terms as could be, and *Fuller*, to shew he was in earnest, Writes a Letter of *Eligibility* to the Bishop, to make choise of the Doctor his Worthy Friend. For certain, such a kindness

as this might give him pretensions to share in the Doctor's Pocket; and a day or two after, when he paid a Visit to him, among other Discourse, he seem'd to Lament the neglect of his Steward, in letting him be at such a Distance, and in a place where he was altogether unknown; without a sufficient remittance, and deliver'd himself in such a manner, that the *Prebendary Elect*, if he had any Sense of Gratitude in him, could not but make him an offer of his Purse, till his expected returns were Dispatch'd to him. Fuller seem'd to be assham'd to give him Acceptance, but after much entreaty he was prevail'd with to take Threescore Guineas, for which he Honourably gave his Note, Payable upon demand. Flush'd with this New Sum, he had wherewithall to make his Addresses to the Ladies, and had such success in his Amours, and was so generally belov'd among 'em, that he was let into their Secrets, from the Celebrated Mrs. M— Remarkable for the weakness of her Flood Gates which cannot keep in her Water. down to an Impudent sort of a Creature who keeps a sort of Hedge Tavern there. But he was, as other

works of Humanity are, subject to Misfortunes, and Success not being the Attendant of all Villains, our Bishop's Nephew was to be call'd to an Account, after he had Ran in Debt with the Mayor and Aldermen, given Paper Security to the Reverend Divine, for his Threescore Guineas, with a Dignity of as little Value, and Conquer'd the Hearts of the *Canterbury* Beauties so far as to make a Woman of no less than 10000 *l.* Fortune, ready to run mad for a stroke with him. It happen'd one of the King's Messenger's coming that way, made a Discovery which was not very pleasing to him, and gave the people to understand, he was *Fuller the Impostor*, not the *Bishop's Nephew*; before he could possibly brush off, and make his Escape. The Doctor for his Part, was out of all Patience, at the loss of his New Dignity; The Mayor and Aldermen very much incens'd at their own want of Judgment, in not discovering him before, and nothing could be like the Resentments of the Ladies for bestowing their Favours on a Fellow, who so little deserv'd 'em. Wherefore he was seiz'd, and put into the Common Goal; at the
Doctors

Doctor's Suit, a Noted Brewer's, and several other Creditors, where he staid, till he was remov'd by *Habeas Corpus*, and left a Remembrance behind him, not altogether so sweet as Pretious Ointment, after having bestow'd a Mock Dignity upon the Doctor, which he still goes by the Name of, being to this Day pointed at, with a *there goes one of the Prebendaries of Durham*. Now we have brought our Traveller back to his Lodgings in *London* again; we cannot but take Notice, that when he left it, we mention'd some Debts which he left behind him at a House near his Lodgings by *Temple-Bar*; since that the Reader is desir'd to take Notice, we have taken Copies of several Bills Written by his own Hand, and drawn up on Persons who knew nothing of the matter, the Originals being now to be seen at the *Cock Ale-House* without *Temple-Bar*. The Reader may take 'em in order, according to the Date of 'em, and is desir'd to impute the false spelling not to the Person who furnishes him with 'em, but to *Fuller's* Ignorance, and want of Education.

London, Aug. the 13th 1697.

My Lord,

Some Urgent Oocations oblige me to In-
treat your Lordship, one sixth heareof,
to order the Same of Fifty Pounds, to be
pay'd unto Mr. James Bennet at the Cock-
Ale House without Temple-Bar, in Lon-
don, or his Orders, I haveing receiv'd the
Wallue heare. This with his Receipt, shall
be a sufficen Discharge for the same.

I am, My Lord, Your Lordship's
most Dutyful Servant

To the Rt. Honourable the Will. Fuller.
Earl of Portland.

The Superscription.

For the Right Honorable the Earl of
Portland at the Hague-Inn, Holland, &c.

Mr. Bennet.

Some oocations keep me in the Country,
but if I may doe it, without pregidis,
I will come to London, to pay you and Mr,
— in a few Days, othays I cannot,
untill

untill the King comes, thearefore am willing to be free till then.

I pray give my Servis to your Wife and Sonn.

I am Your Friend,

Aug. 24. 97.

W. Fuller.

London, October the 20. 1697.

Mr. Willmote,

I Received Yours of the 15th Instant, and have sent the bearer Mr. James Bennet, to you for my Monny, which I desier you to pay one sixth of my Bill, which I have given him one you for the same, and I have alsoe given him my Order, to Receive and Disspouse of, for my Use, all such Brandys, as you now have of myne in your Custody, and I desir you to assist him, to your best Judgment; in geting them either Sould with you, or at Portlmouth, or otherwise to send them for London, the sonnest way, you and he cann find oute, I give him full power to dispose of them, for my Use. Send bis

Recait

(92)

Receit and shall be a sufficient Discharge for
my Monny and Brandys.

I am Sir, Your Humble Servant

William Fuller,

For Mr. William Willmote, at Southampton
inn Hampshire.

London, October 21. 1697.

Mr. Willmote,

ONE sigth of this my only Bill, pay
unto the Bearer, Mr. James Ben-
net, for my Use, the Sum of Eighty
Pounds, Sterling, Vallue Receiv'd beare,
and his Receit shall bee your Discharge,
per me,

To Mr. Will. Willmote W. Fuller.
at Southampton in
Hampshire.

London, October the 21th, 1697.

SIR,

PRay deliver to Mr. James Bennet, or
Order, Twenty Seven Hogsheads of
French

French Brandy, for my use, and the said
Mr. Bennet's Receipt shall with this be your
sufficient Discharge for the same, heareof
faile not, and you will oblige your Friend
To serve you

To Mr. Will. Willmot Will. Fuller.
at South-hampton in
Hampshire.

London, October the 28th 1697.

Mr. Wm. Willmot,

PAY unto Mr. James Bennet, or order
one sixth of this my only Bill, the
sume of Eighty Pounds Sterling, Vallue Re-
ceiued beare, and take his Receipt in full
inn my favor, who am

To Mr. Wm. Willmot
at Mr. Doares House
in Limington in
Hampshire.

Sir,
Your Servt.

Will. Fuller.

The Air of London, not being a thing
he could wholly live by, he is oblig'd
again, to have Recourse to his Brains
for his support. And as he had been
a long while from the Court, he
thought the Ministers of State might
have

have parted with the Prejudice they might have conceiv'd against him. Wherefore he puts on an Impudent Face, and with an Air of Assurance, goes directly to the Secretarys Office at *White Hall*, and with all Protestations imaginable assures him, that he could discover many Evil Practices against the Government in *Romney-Marsh*, in and to that end, was attended thither by several of the King's Messengers at several times, but never did any business only cheat the Country, and put the Government to unnecessary expences. If any Man wants a Place, he promises to help him to one by his Interest at Court, and gets Money in hand to procure it. If a Man has been an Offender, for Money in hand, he will send him a Discharge. These were some of the Tricks that he play'd in *Romney-Marsh*, for which he received of one Man Twenty Guineas, as Mr. *Brown*, one of the Kings Messengers, is ready to prove; besides what he received privately of others, that he was privy to; of which and many other base Practices, Mr. *Brown* complaining to the Secretary, *Fuller* received a severe Reprimand from his Honour, and Discharged.

charged him from ever coming near him afterwards.

Being off hinges once more with the Court, and perfectly known for what he was, 'twas highly necessary that he should seek out for another Intreague, and rack his Invention for some Exploit, or other, to provide him with Money to take a flight into some more remote Town, which had not yet been so unhappy as to have a knowledge of him. Accordingly hearing of a Mournful Parent, whose Son's Extravancy had brought him to the Sentence of Death, and whom he was satisfied to be as ready, as she was able, to lay down a considerable Sum for her Childs Life, what should he do, but wait upon her, and amongst other Romances, tells her his Interest was so great with the Earls of *Romney* and *Albemarle*, as to be capable of getting a Reprieve first, afterwards a Pardon for her unfortunate Son. The Mother, who had given him over for lost, was overjoy'd at the News, and express'd a true sense of Gratitude for so kind and unexpected an Offer. When our Spark ready to strike while the Iron was hot, address'd her with an Account that the Charges of
she

the whole would amount to Two Hundred Pounds, and that it was altogether necessary he should have 60*l.* in hand to carry on the Matter. The Gentlewoman perceiving nothing from his Behaviour that might give her the least occasion of suspicion, and impos'd on by a Face which had all the Marks of Innocency imaginable, laid down the Money which he march'd off with, and instead of waiting on the above mentioned noble Persons, made the best of his way with his Booty to *Yorkshire*, leaving the Mournful Mother cheated out of her Money, and the poor young Man out of his Life, who being flatter'd all along with false hopes (possibly to the unhappy neglect of his necessary Preparation for Death) was Executed sometime after.

At his arrival in *York*, for that was the City he made choise of, for the first Stage of Action ; he insinuates himself into the Acquaintance of the Chief Inhabitants, lives at as high a Rate, as if he had been *Sir Robert Cotton* himself, and not his pretended Brother, 'till at last finding the Birds of that City were old enough to distinguish *Chaff* from *Corn*, he prepar'd for moving, and going to Mr.

The.

Tho. Tireman, the Superintendant of the Post-Office, strikes him for five Guineas, and draws a Bill upon his pretended Brother *Sir Robert*, with a Letter of Advice to him, both which take as follows, from the Originals, which are Copied by *Mr. R. Tireman*, Brother to the aforesaid Post-master.

York, June 16. 1698.

Deare Brother,

M*y* Monnys falling shorte, I am obliged to give you the Trouble of a Bill for Five Guineas only, which I desire you to pay, the moment it comes to Your hand; I borrow'd it of *Mr. Tho. Tireman*, who Officiates for the Widdow at the Post-House beare, whom I found very reddey to serve me. I presume mostly in Respeckt to you. I purpose to see you a Wensday next.

I am Sir,

Your Loving Brother

For *Sir Robert Cotton*

Knt. att the General Post-Office in London.

W. Fowler.

A Copy of Mr. R. Tireman's Lines under the above Written Letter.

One *Simpson*, whom he kept as his Valet, owns he was then with him at *York*, and that he took Five Guineas (they going at 22 s.) of my Brother.

R. Tireman.

The true Copy of the Bill.

York, June the 16th. 1698.

SIR,

ONE Sixth of this my only Bill, pray pay unto Mr. Richard Tireman, or Order, the Sum of Five Pounds, Ten Shillings, Ster. and place it to the account of,

Sir, Your Loving Brother
For Sir Rob. Cotton, Knt.
att the General Post-Office inn London. Will. Fowler.

Mr. Tireman's Notes at the bottom of the Bill.

Sir Robert says he never heard of such a Person in all his Life.

After

After this Piece of *Forgery*, tho' he has lately Challeng'd the World to produce one instance of it, he takes Horse and changes his place of Residence for *New Castle upon Tyne*, where he must needs Pass for a Man of great Note, and pretend himself a Person sent down by His Majesty's Directions, to have an Eye on the Proceedings of the Gentlemen of the County, and make a narrow inspection into the management of Affairs in that Town. Two Parliament Men, who were much concern'd that His Majesty should have the least Suspicion of any Disloyal Practices, in a Town and County which had done him such Remarkable Services, got the Mayor of *New Castle*, to Write to Mr. Secretary V——n, in order to know the Truth, and acquaint him with what was so impudently Attested. The Mayor receiv'd for Answer, That Mr. Secretary knew nothing of the matter, neither had the King Knowledge of any Person he had given such an Employment to. The Letter being shewn to Fuller in a Publick Coffee-house in the Town, where he was in Company with Persons of the best Note. And

of all this? said He, the Secretary is not entrusted with Matters of such moment. He Acts only within a certain Sphere, the King, my Royal Master, and his Grace the Duke of Shrewsbury, know other things; and he would Write a Letter immediately to His Majesty, and the Duke, which they should see. According he puts Pen to Paper, and draws up Complaints to the King and Duke of his Reception, and the little Credit which was given to a Person of that Character, his Majesty had Honour'd him with. Some of the Gentlemen desired they might see 'em carry'd to the Post-Office, which Fuller readily Granted, and accordingly the King's Letter was put into the Bag, but a Person there, knowing the Duke to be in the Country for the Recovery of his Health, takes the Letter which was Directed to his Grace, at his House in London, and sends it away by a Man and Horse, in order to have a Satisfactory Answer. But the Man brought his Grace's Answer too late, which was the same in substance with Secretary V---, for our pretended Spy finding he must of all Necessity be detected, should he stay till the

the return of the Messenger, goes next morning to a Gentleman, whose acquaintance he had insinuated into, and borrowing his two Horses, Cloak and Man, for the Conveniency of a little fresh Air, rode down towards the Seaside, and alighting some distance from the Place where the Colliers were, told the Man, he should stay there with the Horses, whilst he went and made a strict search after several Abuses which were among the People of that Trade, by bringing over Men disaffected to the Government; but instead of enquiring into other Folks Tricks, he had one to put in Practice himself, and finding a Vessel ready to put to Sea for *West-Chester* he makes off, with the blew Cloak, leaving the Man to carry back the News, to his Master of the loss of it, and his Acquaintance. The Master of the Vessel having debark'd his Charge, *Ful-ler* lay that Night in the City, but for fear of discovery by several Ships which were perpetually putting in there from *New Castle*, took Coach next morning under pretence of going to *London*, but baiting at a certain Market Town, and finding the Temper of the People very proper for him to work upon, he told

the Coachman his Intentions were chang'd, and he would stay there for some days, and his Coach should call for him, when he drove next thro' the Town. Here he took upon himself the Character of Chief Director of his Majesty's *Post-Office*, and had the Confidence to discharge an Inn-Keeper from being Post-Master, and for 30 Guineas paid down, dispos'd of it to another, which he that was Discharg'd Hearing of, humbly beseech'd his Worship not to ruin him, and his Wife and Children; but *Fuller* was inexorable, and nothing could prevail till he was just to take his leave of the Country, and then out of mere pity and Compassion gave his Acceptance of 15 *l.* and restor'd mine Host by the same Authority which he had discharg'd him by, and^d was follow'd with many a hearty prayer for his Worship's good Journey. The Inn-Keeper's Names are conceal'd, at their request, not to be expos'd, unless there be farther occasion for it: But if the Reader enquires about *Namptwich*, he may hear of the Story more at large. From hence we are at a Loss to find the Tract of him, till we catch him at *Southampton*, a great distance.

stance from the Place where we lost him,
 and there he is no sooner arriv'd, but
 he falls to Building upon his Old *New*
Castle bottom, and pretends he was sent
 by his Majesty to regulate Abuses which
 had crept into the Custom-House, &c.
 He took the Title, but we cannot say
 the Equipage of the Lord *Fuller*, for 'tis
 necessary sometime to leave those things
 behind, as in cases of going where
 quickness of dispatch is requir'd. The
 Character which he gave out he came
 with, was sufficient to recommend him
 to the Gentlemen round about, so after
 a pretended view into the Miscarriages
 of Officers in publick Trust, he began
 to complain of his own, viz. Returns
 of Money. This opportunity spur'd
 on some that were afraid of being cas-
 hier'd for Mismanagement, and others
 that gap'd for Preferment to offer him
 the free use of their Purfes, when he, as
 modest in her denial of a Girl at Years
 of discretion, gave 'em his acceptance
 in return for their Generous proffer.
 But a long stay in a Place where he had
 met with such obliging Chapmen, be-
 ing not at all for his Purpose, and no-
 thing more necessary, at such a juncture
 than a clean Conveyance and easie re-
 treat,

treat, in order to which he pretends a Visit to a certain Duke of his Acquaintance, and perhaps Alliance too, but made off for *Salisbury*, but being suspected, he was pursued, taken, and brought back into the Common Goal at *Southampton*.

Here he might have seem'd to be buried alive, but his active Soul was at Liberty, tho' his Body was under confinement, and about three Quarters of a Year since laying hold of a Proclamation to apprehend the Author, Publisher and Printer of the *Darien* Book, and having a great desire to have more Elbow Room, and make his escape, up he sent a Letter to Mr. *Henry Baker*, Solicitor of the Treasury, with another enelos'd to Mr. Secretary *Vernon*, to give him Information upon Oath) if he might be sent for up,) that he knew both Author Printer and Publisher of the aforesaid Book, tho' it appears from sufficient Witnesses he had been actually a close Prisoner a Year and a Quarter before any such Book was heard of.

Having taken up his Residence there, nigh Two Years, by what Device or other he got his Heels at Liberty, we cannot

cannot hear at present. But in May last he cross'd the *Herring-Pond* for *Holland*, and since he was well known by the Name of *Fuller*, for some Evil Practices, he had been Guilty of there, before he Exchang'd it for another, which carried more Authority with it. And amongst other Cheats, made it his Endeavour to bring that which follows to Perfection. He came to *Rotterdam*, and looking as if some Person of no mean Fashion, struck Acquaintance with an Eminent Burgher of the Town, who seeing several Pretended Bills in his Pocket-Book, civilly lent him Money till he received the Contents of 'em, and having no Lodgings in his own House, Recommended him to a Brothers of his, in a Street Adjacent, where he ran in Debt to the Tune of 10*l.* in an Instant: But thinking that too small a Game for him to play at, he must Attempt a greater Stake; and therefore away went our Pretended Merchant, and putting on an Impudent Face, which he could wear as naturally as any Man Living, came to his Dear acquaintance, who help'd him to his Lodgings, and desir'd to know whether he could provide him a Merchant that

that could advance Fifty Pound upon a Bill, drawn upon one at *Amsterdam* for Two Hundred Pounds, Yes, said the honest Burgher, I believe I can, and strait had him to a Friend, who not thinking it prudent to trust him with so much Money, without having more knowledge of him, said he knew the Merchant whom it was drawn upon, very well, and would advance the whole Summ, could he but be certain that it was a true Bill. However, he made him a Compliment, and told him he would send to *Amsterdam*, and upon the first Satisfactory Notice, he might Demand the Money to a Guilder. Fuller seem'd very well satisfy'd, but being uneasy for fear of the Discovery of his sham Bill, comes again to his Burgher the Night before the Merchant could receive any Advice, in order to Wheedle him out of more Money; but there hapned to be one Mr. Piff, now an Officer of the Poultry Compter with him, who knowing what a sort of Spark he was, took the Burgher aside, and told him, his Name and Life, and Conversation. Honest *Hogan Mogan*, was for asking him for what he Ow'd in an Instant, and telling him he knew what

what account his Country Man had gi-
 ven of him; *Fuller* own'd the matter of
 Fact, with a great many entreaties that
 he would not ruin a Man of his Youth,
 and to make him some sort of Satis-
 faction, pull'd out his Sword, in order
 to pay in part for what he ow'd him.
 But the Burgher Affrighted at the
 Sight of so Terrible a Weapon, and in a
 mighty Consternation, drawing back-
 ward, off went the Bill of Exchange-
 Man, and made his Escape, leaving Mr.
Piff to make himself Merry with the
 Accident, and the Stout Dutchman to
 reflect on what his want of Courage had
 been the occasion of. He was scarce
 got out of his Surprize, when in comes
 his Brother, at whose House he Lodg'd,
 puffing and Storming, to make Enquiry
 where the Raskal his Tenant was, for
 he had rob'd him of a Trunk, and things
 of Value it, but he was got out of Sight
 and reacht the Sea side, near which the
Bridgman Sloop lay at Anchor, and Bar-
 gaining with the Commander, Capt.
Price, because of Money falling short, to
 take a Note of 3 *l.* upon one Mr. *Dum-*
mer of the *Temple*, who knew no more
 of him than his Dear Brother Sir *Robert*
Cotton, set Sail for the Native Stage of
 his